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FEBRUARY, 1843.

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MARTLER'S CREEK, NEW YORK;
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THE INDEX AND TITLE PAGE

Of the last, or Thirteenth Volume of the "Turf Register"—for 1842—accompanies the present number, and the volume is now complete for binding.

In the volume for the present year the *Racing Calendar* will be embodied in the work, so that at the end of the year the volume can be bound at once. Country book-binders, through some inscrutable dispensation of Providence, appear to be unable to bind the "Register" as now published, and we have accordingly returned to the old plan of publication. Although not near so convenient to them, many of our subscribers have advised this course from the fact that they could not get their volumes bound correctly.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

CHARLESTON, S. C.	Washington Course, Annual J. C. Meeting, Wednesday, 22d Feb.
KNOXVILLE, Tenn.	Sweepstakes, etc., 4th Wednesday, 26th April.
PINEVILLE, S. C.	Jockey Club Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Feb.
RED BRIDGE, Tenn.	Spring Sweepstakes, 1st Wednesday, 3d May.
" " "	Jockey Club, Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th October.

A CURE FOR FARCY.

SIR: I was very glad to see in your excellent Magazine (which I get occasionally from Porter, B. S., Grafton-street) the very important diseases of *Farcy* and *Glanders* in horses brought before your Readers. Having, as you may perceive by the following extract in my keeping, what I am pleased to think may become a most valuable secret, could I once place it in the hands of some active and influential veterinary artist or amateur (some twenty years younger than myself) in London, you may readily imagine the interest with which I have perused the article in your September Number, page 365. And I now have to request, as a constant reader, a very old Sportsman indeed, and, consequently, an undoubted admirer of that most noble of all animals—the horse—you will give this extract a place in one of your early Numbers; and should any party, whose eye it may happen to catch—let him be artist or amateur—feel disposed to give me his aid in the future application of this remedy throughout the British dominions, *protected by patent*, or in subsequently offering it where it is most and greatly wanting—to wit, in France, Belgium, &c., &c.—I am quite open to receive the application, and to treat it with the attention it merits; and have the honor to be, Sir, your obliged and obedient servant.

J. W. H.

EXTRACT FROM A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF "MINE UNCLE SAM."

Aneddoti Curiosi, p. 49.—"As my uncle Sam joined to his other qualifications a most profound pathologistical erudition in all the ills which both horse and dog-flesh are heir to, and never refused his services even though solicited by the unaristocratic sand-merchant in behalf of his long-eared coadjutor, he was regarded with feelings of gratitude by the poor whom he had served, and enjoyed an undisputed pre-eminence in all matters concerning the economy of the stable, as well as the *kennel*, to which places he was continually called by those who, like himself, felt gratification in the society of their inmates."

I must not omit to add to all those qualifications an unrivalled dexterity in the gaffing of cocks and preparation of artificial flies, with an eye unerring as that of the hawk when pouncing on its quarry; and it will be readily conceived that mine old uncle (who was for three score years well known as the best "cut of a sportsman" in the South of Ireland) was not likely to be an unwelcome guest with those who shared his sports in the country, and feasted at his board in town.

During the last century, that disease called the *Farcy*, so fatal among horses when neglected in the first stage of it, raged with great violence throughout the Southern counties of Ireland. Thanks to a secret remedy (in those days only known to my grand uncle Sam and his trusty man Dennis, and since *alone to the writer of this article*), this malady was nearly extirpated, and, as far as I was afterwards able to learn, very seldom made its appearance again, at least in the counties of Cork and Limerick.

At stated periods during the spring and summer, Sam and his man Dennis were sure to be found at stated places in one or both of those counties, where the owners of all horses afflicted with either the *Button* or the *Water Farcies* flocked in scores; and I had it from my grand uncle's own mouth, now nearly fifty years since, and just previous to his death, "*that during a period of fifty-five years, when the animal was brought to him without having been tampered with by any Veterinary, he or his man Dennis had never failed to effect the cure in forty-eight hours*—Dennis received from one to five guineas as his fee for each horse, according to the value of the animal and the condition in life of its owner. *This important secret and infallible cure* came into my keeping in the following way—In the month of August 1796, my own father purchased from the Vicar General of Cloyne, on the Mall of Cork, for the trifling sum of £5, a well-shaped black horse. There being of course no warranty, he very incautiously had him sent home to our stable, where four very valuable hunters and three carriage-horses were standing in perfect condition at the time. In a very few days the "Vicar" would have turned out a very dear bargain had it not been for the unerring skill of mine uncle Sam, who, fortunately being in town for the Assizes, quickly obeyed the summons of his favorite nephew, when to our great dismay Sam pronounced not only the "Vicar," but every one of the seven horses, to be attacked with the *Farcy*!....." But, my lad of wax," turning round to me, "you shall cure the eight horses as sure as that God made Moses, and before the Judges leave the city! In the course of nature," continued he, "I cannot hope to live much longer (then in his 81st year), and as it has always been my intention not to go out of this world without imparting my secret to your father, I may as well initiate you both together. Order the groom to deprive all the horses of food and drink until I come over to-morrow morning, and bring with me the necessary men and materials."—This he accordingly did, and under his directions I prepared the necessary portion for each horse with mine own hands, and with the aid of two men to each horse I did so apply the remedy *by the ears*; and, true enough, the entire stable were perfectly cured of the *Farcy* before the Judges left the city of Cork! Thus it was that I became possessed not only of this most important secret, but the conviction also *that it is as unfailing as it is simple!*

I have lived ten or a dozen years in France, where I believe the order of Government (as regards the cavalry) is to shoot every horse without making any attempt at a cure of this disease. In Belgium, where I have latterly resided much, I found the *Farcy* was raging very violently, particularly among cavalry horses; but instead of shooting the animal *in the first instance* as in France (although they are invariably induced to do so *in the last*), I found, from the grossest ignorance among the tolerated veterinary tribe, the most barbarous and cruel expedients were resorted to! Nothing less—will the reader credit it?—than the attempt to eradicate the *Button Farcy* *out of the blood and body of the unfortunate horse, by burning the Buttons with a round top'd red hot iron out of the skin!*—an expedient, which, if by any possibility it could effect the cure of the

disease, must invariably leave this noble animal in a state *calculated alone to expose* and hold up to execration the barbarity and ignorance of the inhuman practitioner, whom I left, in 1840, torturing some score of horses in the Military Hospital at Bruges! I leave to every Reader of the *Sporting Magazine* to decide how far I am justified in the severity of my remarks, when I know, that I have within myself the means of eradicating this occult disease from out Belgium and France, as well as every country in Europe, if I could only obtain a *fair trial*! nay more, that I have offered it to the Belgian Army. But although the Commander-in-Chief *did issue orders to Colonels of Cavalry Regiments to furnish me with horses on which I was to operate, yet I never could extort from their veterinary chaps a single horse which had not been previously tampered with; or induce those artists to lend me their belief that I actually possessed the secret of doing effectually in forty-eight hours that which they had been in vain attempting to do all their lives!*

* * Any communications to "J. W. H." may be left at the Office of the *Sporting Magazine*.

London (Old) *Sporting Magazine*, for December, 1842.

A FEW HINTS ON BETTING.

BY Q "AT THE CORNER."

AT this season of the year, when all things connected with racing, save betting, remain in a state of quietude, it may be interesting to some of your readers, who may not be *au fait* at turf doings, to venture a few observations on the mysteries of speculation on the Turf. These remarks may be the more acceptable, because lotteries in all sorts of shapes figure in many of the weekly papers; indeed, to such an extent are these "sweeps" carried on, that it is far from improbable that the Government will ere long interfere. But my real object on the present occasion is to state, as clearly as twenty years' experience will allow, the nature of betting on great races. It was in 1820 that *play or pay* races became in vogue, but the only Stakes then that were considered *p. p.* ones were the Riddlesworth, the Derby, the Oaks, and St. Leger. By degrees the Legs found the *p. p.* principle to be a most profitable concern, and consequently refused to bet upon any other terms; and now every wager "booked" at Tattersall's, or indeed elsewhere, is considered a *play or pay* one, unless a *proviso* be made to "have a start." About the time I have just named, the "betting round" system was only adopted by a few of the "professionals:" amongst the number, Messrs. Crockford, Gully, Steward, and Halliday may be set down as being the most influential. To these gentlemen the backers of horses used to resort, and consequently "books" to a large amount were easily "got round." As time advanced, several of our most influential Members of the Jockey Club saw the profits of this mode of speculation, and they immediately commenced a most vigorous opposition

to the Legs; and now it would be a nice point to discriminate between the two parties when seen transacting business at Tattersall's. "Betting round" means betting against every horse that appears in the Market to the extent of your "book." For instance, if you intend filling a "£5,000 book," you must bet the odds against every horse you can to that extent, and as only one horse can win, you of course gain every other bet against the rest of the horses. I have been favored with a sight of a "£5,000 book" on the last Derby, and for the instruction of those who do not exactly understand the system of "betting round," I will give (with my friend's permission) a correct copy. Of course the bets are the average of a number against each horse:—

£	£		£	£	
5000 to 625	agst.	Attila.	4525 to 155	agst.	Ballinkeele.
5000 to 420	—	Chatham.	48 0 to 105	—	Lord Miltown's two.
5000 to 400	—	Coldrenick.	5000 to 215	—	Jack.
5000 to 100	—	{ Gunter, laid at Liverpool,	3775 to 115	—	The Agreeable colt.
		1841.	1000 to 15	—	David.
5000 to 110	—	Rover	2000 to 50	—	Osbaldeston's lot.
5000 to 95	—	Belcœur.	2000 to 30	—	Archy.
5000 to 250	—	Canadian.	5000 to 115	—	Moss Trooper.
5000 to 175	—	Elets.	1000 to 25	—	Combermere.
4000 to 115	—	Seahorse.	2500 to 55	—	Tiptoe.
5000 to 150	—	Dirce colt.	3705 to 110	—	Mule.
1500 to 75	—	Rostrum (dead).	1000 to 10	—	Passion.
5000 to 95	—	Palinurus.			{ The Artful Dodger. (1000
2000 to 25	—	Curator.	2550 to 75	—	{ to 35 betted at Liver-
3525 to 105	—	Palladium.			{ pool, 1841.)
2115 to 25	—	Lord Exeter's lot.	3700 to 160	—	Meteor.
4005 to 103	—	Ferguson's two.	5000 to 205	—	Lord of Holderness.
3750 to 150	—	{ Forth's two—Policy and	4925 to 208	—	Wiseacre.
		Golden Rule.	2000 to 20	—	Bennington.
2525 to 75	—	Lasso	5000 to 365	—	Auckland.
3500 to 100	—	Sir G. Heathcote's lot.	2700 to 45	—	William de Fortibus.
1000 to 10	—	Nessus.	5000 to 160	—	Robert de Gorham.
		{ Brother to Phoenix. (1090	2000 to 20	—	Gobbo.
5000 to 375	—	{ to 50 laid in May,	5000 to 205	—	Mr. Gregory's two.
		1841)	2550 to 65	—	Espartero.
1000 to 10	—	Colt out of Manta.	1105 to 32	—	Acacia colt.
1000 to 12	—	Ghuznee.			

It will be seen that in *seventeen* cases only the odds were betted to the fullest extent, while very extravagant odds were laid against horses that subsequently stood good favorites in the Ring. This "book" was a joint concern between a London speculator, a regular frequenter of Tattersall's, and an influential Manchester bettor, well known at the "Post Office Hotel" in that town. It will be admitted that they got against a great number of horses; but the odds, taking the average of the "six months"—that is to say, from the Houghton Newmarket Meeting to the end of the Second Spring—will be found to have gone against them. Now to save "going over," I have made out exactly how these gentlemen stood on the eventful day. If either *Cheops*, *Baronet*, or *Singleton* had won, they would have won every bet, or £6,180; if *Nessus* or *Passion*, they would have gained £5,170; if *Ghuznee*, £5,168; if *David*, £5,165; if *Combermere*, £5,155; if the *Acacia* colt, £5,053; if *Rostrum* (dead), 4,605*l.*; if either *Bennington* or *Gobbo*, 4,160*l.*; if *Curator*, 4,155*l.*; if *Archy*, 4,150*l.*; if *Osbaldeston's* lot, 4,130*l.*; if *Lord Exeter's* lot, 4,040*l.*; if *Tiptoe*, 3,625*l.*; if *Lasso*, 3,580*l.*; if *Espartero*, 3,565*l.*; if *The Artful Dodger*, 3,555*l.*; if *William de Fortibus*, 3,435*l.*; if *Sir Gilbert Heathcote*, 2,580*l.*; if *Palladium*, 2,560*l.*; if *Meteor*, 2,380*l.*; if *Mule*, 2,365*l.*; if *the Agreeable colt*, 2,290*l.*; if either of *Forth's*,

2,280*l.*; if either of Ferguson's nominations, 2,070*l.*; if *Seahorse*, 1925*l.*; if Ballinkeelee, 1470*l.*; if either of Lord Miltown's, 1265*l.*; if Palinurus or *Belcœur* (was third), 1085*l.*; if Gunter, 1080*l.*; if *Rover*, 1070*l.*; if Moss Trooper, 1065*l.*; if Wiseacre, 1047*l.*; if Sir Harry (Dirce colt), 1030*l.*; if *Robert de Gorham* (was second), 1020*l.*; if Eleus, 1005*l.*; if Lord of Holderness, Barrier, or *Defier*, 975*l.*; if *Jack*, 965*l.*; if Canadian, 930*l.*; if *Auckland*, 815*l.*; if Brother to Phœnix, 805*l.*; if *Coldrenick*, 780*l.*; if *Chatham*, 760*l.*; and as *Attila* won, they cleared 555*l.* Any other in the Stake, save those named above, would have won them 6,180*l.* The horses in *italics* started.

This is what is termed "making a book," or, more properly speaking, the "betting round" system. I apprehend, owing to the decision the Jockey Club has thought proper to come to respecting "disputed bets," that the "books" on the coming Derby will be less numerous than those of the last five or six years; and on this all true lovers of the sport ought to rejoice, for the two last Epsom Meetings have thrown off the *veil* with a vengeance. We do not hear the outrageous efforts to bet now at The Corner, and trust more that substantial business will be got through in future with less bluster and confusion.

Several of the "old stagers," who have for some time been complaining that the "young-'uns" have been *going too fast* for them, have adopted a sort of "Change" mode of dabbling. They get information early, invest at long odds heavily, and are content to *hedge* at a moderate profit; and so they work out the year, with generally a handsome balance at their bankers at the close of the season. This system of course cannot be carried out unless there be a "friend at court," or, in other words, an "informer," who *watches every movement*, and duly "*reports progress*." This mode of speculation is almost entirely confined to the old frequenters of Newmarket.

A third party, and by no means a little one, stick to backing horses; and, to say the truth, they wear amazingly well considering; indeed, were it not for these "fancy gentlemen," how could the "book-makers" get round?

That there are on all great and important races various *fashions* resorted to, to rise or sink an animal to the advantage of an immediate party, is notoriously known to be the fact; and that this system will continue as long as betting on the Turf exists, there cannot be a doubt; therefore it behoves every body not to be led away by "hearsays;" but rather to trust to public running, which nine cases out of ten is the best criterion to guide one's betting.

Money coming unexpectedly into the Market has frequently given the greatest *rips* in the world a very respectable place in the betting. I recollect several instances, in one of which, in the Derby 1826 (I believe), Mr. Forth's Premier came so well supported on one occasion, that he absolutely became *Premier* in the odds—this horse was the *last* in the race, and, although he repeatedly ran afterwards, could not "win a Plate." Young Rowton, in 1838, was another instance: he was backed throughout the winter to a large amount, saw 10 to 1 in the betting, went to the post in

bandages, and did not get off—this hopeful gentleman never won a race! But we need not go further back than the last Derby to prove how very *lavish* of their money some people are when they take to a “fancy horse,” however bad that animal may be; to wit: Jack, Lord of Holderness (two or three *wiseacres* were positively mad about this wretch), Defier (backed to win an immense Stake, and never worth two-pence), Hydaspes (he bled the Epsom folks deeply, a sorry devil!), and the Golden Rule (a miserable creature to be *even* talked about). The introduction of *dark* horses into the Market, with the little word “taken” at the end of the name, induces the unwary to invest, although he positively does not know for certain that the animal is in existence.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for December, 1842.

MARTLER'S CREEK, NEW YORK.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

IN vol. xii. of this magazine (page 532) will be found an Indian legend of Martler's Creek, a beautiful stream running into the Hudson a few miles above this city. The story was originally published by “Wildrake,” the gifted editor of the London “New Sporting Magazine,” who accompanied it with a superb illustration, from a drawing he made on the spot. “Wildrake” thus introduces the legend:—

“* * * Another hour and the sun rode high, though still concealed from our sight by the overhanging mountains, around the base of which lay our route. By our way-side leaped a little mountain stream, as clear as crystal, and as pure—dancing from rock to rock, and throwing up a sparkling cloud of spray, as it passed on to add its mite to the main artery. The panorama was of the most beautiful, and as we advanced farther into the high lands, it still increased its wild romantic character, until we seemed shut out from the world by barriers of frowning heights, whilst the splash of the water-fall, or the eagle's scream, alone broke in upon the silence of the scene.

We had now made some progress into the hills, when my companion hastily laid his hand upon my arm, and pointing to a spot where a precipitous rock caused the path to turn suddenly, he whispered, “Mount yon rock carefully, and it is ten to one but that you'll see a pair of horns.”

Cautiously creeping up the rock side as he directed me, and holding my lightest breath with trembling anxiety, I topped the stony shelf, and peeping over, cast my eyes upon a scene of perfect beauty.

Through a deep wooded dell, lapped in the bosom of the mountains, coursed a loud brawling stream, which plunged headlong over the shelf of rock on which I rested. Its banks, teeming with the most luxuriant vegetation, seemed to offer an everlasting field to the industry of man. The foliage, on one side forming a splendid back-ground, and on the other advancing to the very water's edge, was various as bright. The dark pine and the tall poplar, the hanging maple and the stark hickory, the graceful pepperage, the drooping willow, and the golden oak, all mingling their glowing tints together to adorn a spot on which Nature seemed to have lavished all her sweetest smiles.

To me the interest of the scene was considerably enhanced by the appearance of three pair of horns within range. A fine stag being in the very act of crossing the stream to join two others who were quietly standing close upon the bank.

To raise my rifle (with, as I thought, a deadly aim,) was the work of a moment; my finger pressed the trigger, the ball flew, but to my equal astonishment and disappointment the deer bounded away unhurt.

“Well,” exclaimed I, “if ever I saw so easy a shot so stupidly blundered, may I —”

“Oh, never mind punishing yourself!” cried my friend, laughing—“you are not the first who has done that on this spot. Why you might as well expect your horse to outstrip the headless trooper of Sleepy Hollow, or your dog to cross the graves of the Stone Sleepers, as that your rifle-ball should reach the heart of a stag in MARTLER'S CREEK.” [Martler's Creek signifies “The Murderer's Creek.”]

“Indeed! how so?”

“There stands their protection,” cried he, laughing, and pointing to a rude wooden cross, which I now perceived for the first time on the left hand bank of the stream, mounted on a rude pinnacle of stones, and shaded beneath the drooping boughs of a weeping willow.

“What! at some of your ghost stories again, I suppose.”

“No ghost-story—but still a Mountain tale has charmed the spot, so that no life, says the legend, can ever more be taken here. But come, sit you down, and to console you for your lost venison I'll tell you how your ball was charmed.”

So seating ourselves upon the ledge of rock from whence my unsuccessful shot had sped, he thus began.

It will repay the reader to refer to the October number of the “Register” for 1841, and again peruse the romantic and fearful legend of the Murderer's Creek.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the January Number of the "Turf Register," page 16.

ON SADDLE-HORSE GROOMS AND BOYS.

IN most of the publications on the subject of horses I have had an opportunity of perusing, much has been said of the want of education in grooms. Some authors go so far as to say, they are very ignorant of the management of horses. How far these gentlemen are competent to judge on this latter point, I shall not presume to say.

It is very true that grooms, generally speaking, are not very highly educated: nor am I aware that to get horses into condition requires a very cultivated mind. I have known very good training grooms that could neither read nor write (I have lived under such men); and, notwithstanding their misfortune in not possessing either of these very useful acquirements, they were good, practical training grooms; that is, so far as regarded the working and feeding of their horses. Having lived in various stables, I have had an opportunity of ascertaining their abilities in this particular, and I am quite convinced that they knew very well what they were about. As the authors to whom I have alluded seem to be of opinion that grooms are so very ignorant of the management of horses, and as they have been at some pains to abuse them, I think it would have been but fair had these gentlemen given in their writings, such rules, relative to the condition and treatment of horses, as would, in some measure, have guided these poor ignorant men, and particularly those among them who train race-horses. But no—it does not appear, in any of their works which I have read, that those authors have done much in this respect for these poor fellows, beyond that of recommending them to keep their horses in cold stables. This part of their advice I shall, by and bye, endeavor to prove is not only unnecessary, but that, when thoroughbred horses (which have originated in a hot climate) are to be got into racing condition, it is requisite that they should be kept in a stable of a certain temperature of heat.

It is more than probable, that some authors who have written on the subject of horses, may have been led to form their opinions from observations made in different saddle-horse stables, when they have been called in to give their professional advice; and I have no doubt, that they have often seen very improper management in such stables, and which may have led them to give their opinions rather too indiscriminately of grooms in general.

The late Mr. White, Veterinary Surgeon, of Exeter, published a

very useful work (as far as I am capable of judging of its merits), on the nature and treatment of the various diseases to which the horse is liable; and he has also laid down what he calls "principles" for getting horses into racing, or other condition.

Digressing a little from the present subject, I will, with all due submission to this author's judgment, take the liberty of quoting a passage or two from his work, on "*condition*," merely to see how far his principles can practically be carried into effect, in the training of race-horses, since it appears to me, that were they to be put into practice without being more fully explained, they would be likely to lead those who adopted them into error; and this it is which has induced me to make my remarks on this subject, and not, by any means, with the desire of detracting from the merit of the author.

In the first volume of the work (page 227) the author defines the word *condition*. In page 248 of the same volume, he says—

"When, therefore, we undertake to get a horse into condition, it is necessary first to enquire for what kind of labor he is designed; whether it be for the turf, the chase, or the road. A horse, provided he is in health, may have his condition and wind brought to the highest state of perfection it is capable of, merely by judicious management, in respect to feeding, exercise, and grooming; and notwithstanding the great mystery and secrecy affected by those who make a business of training race-horses, I will venture to affirm, that it is a very simple process, and easily to be accomplished by any one who will attentively consider the principles we shall lay down, and not suffer himself to be influenced by an ignorant groom."

Again the author goes on to state, in the same volume (page 254)—

"By thus gradually bringing a horse from a state of nature, that is, from the open air and green food to a comfortable stable and dry grain, he will be in little danger of those troublesome diseases which are often the consequence of sudden changes, and a different kind of management; and by duly proportioning his exercise to the nutriment he receives, and by gradually bringing the muscular system to that degree of exertion for which the animal is wanted, there is no doubt that his wind, strength, and activity, and general condition, will be brought to the highest state of perfection it is possible of attaining."

I think these two extracts tend to show that the author considered himself quite equal to the task of training horses for the turf. In the conclusion of the first extract, he decidedly states this. In the second, he cannot have meant anything else (for it is to be observed he is writing on the "*condition*" of horses) when he stated, "the horse will be brought to the highest state of perfection he is capable of attaining;" and this, I presume, is certainly a state of condition in which a horse should be to race.

Now, my gentle reader, should you be a tolerable judge of the subject under consideration, proceed quietly on with me, and all I ask of you is, just to make your observations on the principles the

author has given us ; for, if I mistake not, he affirms, "that any man who will attentively consider them, may train horses for the turf." Well, then, let us again quote, from the author's work, such of his principles as appear to be connected with the subject of "condition." We shall then be able to form some idea how far we may be likely to succeed in getting a horse into racing form, by adopting them.

First, I shall commence with the author's reasons for physicking horses on their being brought from the fields into the stables, (page 252.)

"When a horse has been taken from grass about a week, I think it advisable to give him a very mild purgative, such as No. 1 (*see physic*). Not that I am convinced of its being absolutely necessary, but because it cannot do any harm ; and if the horse has been fed too liberally, or not exercised enough, or should the stomach or bowels be out of order, or have any worms in them, a mild purgative will be of great service. It is on this ground that I always recommend two or three doses of mild physic during the time a horse is getting into condition."

Now, in the above paragraph, we find the author advising physic to be given as a preventative to disease ; he also thinks it advisable to give a mild purgative to a horse after he has been taken from grass about a week ; "not that he is convinced of its being absolutely necessary, but because it cannot do any harm."

However, to make further remarks on the author's reasons for giving physic to horses to assist in getting them into condition, will not in any way benefit my readers. There are certainly two causes for giving physic on those occasions—I believe, not more than two—yet our author has not been pleased to notice either of them, in any part of his treatise on "condition."

Now, it is but fair to presume, that if the author had been acquainted with the two causes (which are stated in the preceding chapters on that head) for giving physic, and the advantages to be derived from its effects in getting horses of a certain description into racing condition, he would have mentioned them. But he tells us, in the commencement of page 252—"As the horse's allowance of oats is increased, so should his exercise be ; and if this be properly managed, there will be no absolute necessity for bleeding or medicine."

Thirdly, (p. 254) is the author's advice relative to what kind of exercise is proper to bring a horse into condition ; and from the manner in which he has concluded the latter part of the following paragraph, I presume he means also grooming.

"During the first week of the horse's being taken into a stable, walking exercise is most proper ; but after this, it may be gradually increased to a trot, or a canter ; and if the exercise occasions any degree of perspiration, he should be carefully cleaned, and otherwise attended to, as soon as he gets into the stable."

The principles the author has laid down in his writings, as a guidance for grooms to get horses into racing condition, are, I think, much too laconic. He merely says, "as the horse's allow-

ance is increased so should his exercise be augmented ;" and by proportioning the latter to the nutriment the horse receives from the former, his condition will be brought to the highest state of perfection.

This, generally speaking, is all very true ; and we are well aware, that from whatever cause a horse goes off his feed, his work must be stopped. Nothing can be done with him, in regard to condition, unless he is sound, in perfect health, and takes his usual allowance both of food and water. Yet, notwithstanding this, there are a variety of circumstances, under which horses are to be exercised ; and as this is one of the main objects we have to attend to in getting horses into high condition, it is much to be lamented that our author has not been more explicit. In page 254, the author gives something, by way of rules, as to exercise and grooming. In speaking of the former, he tells us, as I have already observed, that walking exercise is most proper ; but after this, it may be gradually increased to a trot or a canter, and if the exercise occasions any degree of perspiration, the horse should be carefully cleaned, and otherwise attended to as soon as he gets into the stable.

Now, it is to be observed, that there are three sorts of exercise necessary for race-horses that are in training, and that have to run pretty long lengths ; they are to walk, to gallop, and to sweat, as occasion may require. But, in the rules which the author has given us, he only makes mention of the former of these exercises, and, even here, he does not point out the advantages horses will derive from its effects ; he only observes, " that walking exercise is the most proper for the first week," and after this period, he tells us it may be increased to a trot or a canter. These few words are the commencement and conclusion of his rules for exercising horses in order to get them into high condition. Immediately following, are our author's direction for grooming. He says, when speaking of the exercise which he recommends, " Should it occasion any degree of perspiration, the horse should be carefully cleaned, and otherwise attended to, as soon as he gets into the stable." The above few lines appear to be all the directions the author has given us in his writings relative to exercising and grooming horses. They are certainly very harmless, and may be sufficient to keep some horses in health : but they are of much too feeble a nature to be of any particular use in the getting of strong horses into any thing like racing form. Yet the author appears to have written on the subject of " condition" with great confidence ; for, in his second volume (page 218), he again gives the definition of the word " condition," and further tells us that this subject has been *fully* treated on in the " Compendium." I have attentively read the whole of the author's statement (which is not more than forty-two pages) on the " condition" of horses, and from them I have quoted such parts as I think are at all connected with the subject. The precautionary measures he has given us on horses being brought from a state of nature into an artificial one, are, I think, very proper, and should, at all times, be carefully attended to. The princi-

ple which the author has laid down for our guidance, namely,—“that as horses feed and drink, so should their work be regulated,” is, to a certain extent, correct, and is commonly known to all men connected with the turf, and indeed to most other men who keep horses. But, without some more practical or definite rules, it would be next to an impossibility for any person to train race-horses so as to bring them in a fit state to run with horses trained by regular training grooms. Yet this is what the author, in his first volume (page 248), affirms can be done. However, those gentlemen who are inclined to train horses by his rules and regulations, may make the trial: but I cannot help thinking, that, should their horses be valuable ones, and heavily engaged, they would be likely to pay rather dear for such experiment.

But to return again to grooms. It is very well understood that the word “groom” is the name applied to a man who looks after horses which are rode by their owners for pleasure; and if a man be sober, honest, attentive to his business, and clean in his person, one groom is considered, by the greater part of the public, just as good as another. This conclusion is erroneous; for, the knowledge which any one of them may possess in a greater degree than another, as a stable-man, will very much depend on what stables he may have been brought up in, or rather, the description of horses he may have been accustomed to have placed under his care. According to the different purposes for which pleasure-horses are employed, so must their condition be varied. Race-horses are to be treated differently from hunters, and hunters differently from saddle-horses. Such men as are termed saddle-horse or pad grooms, are those who, in the commencement of their career, may be found to have been living, as boys, in livery and horse-dealers’ stables, in London, and many of our principal towns. In those stables, they obtain such knowledge in regard to the cleaning and riding of horses, as brings them somewhat familiar with the animal. This knowledge enables them, as they approach the state of manhood, to undertake the mechanical care (if I may be allowed the expression) of such saddle-horses as they may be engaged to look after. These grooms merely give food and water to horses at stated periods in the course of the day, clean them, and keep them well clothed, and when their masters do not ride the horses out, give them such exercise as they think necessary to keep them in health. If such horses appear tolerably fresh, kind in the skins, and clean on their legs, they are considered by the grooms, as also by their masters, to be in excellent condition, and, for most of the purposes for which they are intended, they may be so; indeed, some of them may be in *good* condition, which I will account for hereafter. These saddle-horse grooms know nothing of the condition of horses, farther than what I have here stated; at least, those of them who are bred up as I have here described; they are not capable of bringing a hunter into a fit state to go a hunting, and as to their getting a race-horse into a fit condition to run, is quite out of the question. However, to do justice to grooms in general, and to prevent any inconvenience which might arise from

an ignorance of the proper department in which each groom should be respectively placed, I shall divide these men into three different classes.

Instead of the saddle-horse or pad groom, the stud groom is the first I ought to have described; but as it is my intention, at some future period, to write on the subject of breeding horses, as well as on the management and condition of hunters generally, I shall, for the present, decline entering into a description of the qualifications necessary for the grooms above mentioned to possess.

IMPERFECT DIGESTION OF CORN.

THE condition of horses is a subject of such vast importance to all persons who keep them, especially to those who require their most active services, that the smallest thing which tends to effect it becomes worthy of attention.

The frequent complaints which I have heard expressed of horses passing a very considerable portion of their corn imperfectly masticated and in a crude condition, has led me maturely to consider and investigate the cause. The ceremony of bruising the grain previously to its being offered to the horses has been successfully adopted, and many very useful machines have been invented for the purpose, by which operation, when at home, the difficulty is easily overcome, but in travelling, the utmost degree of nourishment is of the greatest consequence, the benefit of such machines can rarely be obtained.

The effect of imperfect digestion principally prevails among horses indifferently groomed, especially with such as are frequently entrusted to the care of ostlers at inns, for which I can assign a very ostensible reason. It is a common practice with these functionaries to give a horse his water immediately before they serve the corn. I am perfectly aware that water does not remain in the stomach of the horse any length of time, yet I have no doubt that a portion of it commingles with the food already in the stomach, rendering it very pulpy and soft, by which the power of the gastric juice, the grand agent of digestion, is for a short period weakened in its quality, and therefore less capable of acting upon the grain which is taken into the stomach whilst in such a state; and therefore a great portion of the corn which has escaped the masticating process of the grinders finds its way into the intestines, from which it escapes without affording that nourishment which it ought to do. I have also remarked that horses of a relaxed habit are particularly subject to this failing in their digestive faculties.

At an inn, the owner of a horse usually goes to the stable for the purpose of seeing his horse fed, and generally, immediately upon giving the order, Mr. Ostler, as a matter of course established by custom, presents a plentiful supply of water, when he in-

stantly throws the corn into the manger. This, from want of reflection on the part of the proprietor, is not ninety-nine times out of a hundred ever objected to, and as ostlers are not for the most part over-burdened with brains, it has become a practice in which they do not conceive there is any impropriety: moreover, many persons, desirous of being assured that their horses are watered, require it to be done in their presence.

The proper time for presenting water to horses is after their heads and necks are dressed, and their legs and feet have been washed, but previously to their bodies being brushed over, scrupulously observing that they are quite cool at the time, which, if judiciously ridden or driven during the latter part of their journey or exercise, they will be. It may be necessary to remark, that a horse's coat may not be quite dry although he may be cool. Chilled water should certainly be given if the animal has undergone considerable exertion: in fact, in such cases gruel which has been boiled ought to be substituted. When I am at an inn, unless I have a servant with me to attend to such matters, I invariably go to see my horse watered at the proper time, and visit him again in order to have him fed, unless I feel assured I can suffer that duty to devolve upon the ostler, one which I would as leave delegate to him, being satisfied of his integrity in this respect, as that of giving the water.

Another remark appears necessary, on the great error which frequently prevails of giving horses a quantity of water in the morning before they are going to perform their work. If their services are required at any time from nine till one o'clock, they should not be allowed to drink more than twenty-five or thirty "go-downs:" if after one, they may have rather more, but it should be given early in the morning, say between seven and eight o'clock, at which time they ought to be dressed. Half-a-dozen "go-downs" the first thing, just to wash their mouths, is in all cases desirable, and invariably given in all well-conducted stables. Attention to these apparently trifling minutiae will, I hesitate not to assert, repay every horse-master for his trouble.

Commercial travellers constantly complain, and no doubt from actual experience, that the horses which they employ on their journeys fall off in their condition, and, at the termination of two or three months' route, have deteriorated very considerably in their value, requiring at least a months' rest to recruit their powers. This in a great measure arises from want of due attention. In the first place, they frequently go from home with their horses very defective in their condition—often taking animals from a dealer's stables prepared with simply one dose of physic, occasionally without even that. Dealers, it is well known, supply their horses with considerable quantities of hay and bran-mashes, such soft food, with an abundance of carrots in the winter season, being calculated to make them look fat and big in their bodies. As a matter of course they give them little or no exercise, let alone work, to prepare them for a journey: therefore, when the animal is called upon to perform his twenty or twenty-five miles per diem, he com-

mences in a debilitated state, which increases daily. Rejection of food follows as a natural consequence, from not being in a state to bear the exciting effects of a quantity of oats and beans; and this indisposition to eat is augmented by the feverish symptoms which are produced from over-exertion: the poor animal is consequently thrown into a condition bordering upon disease, and quite unequal to the labors required of him.

PHOENIX.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for December, 1842.

MR. THEOBALD'S ESTABLISHMENT AT STOCKWELL.

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

MR. THEOBALD has been a distinguished owner of first-rate stallions these many years, and few gentlemen have been more liberal in their purchases, or more acute in their judgment, than the worthy owner of the Stockwell Stud. Since Smolensko—who proved a very fortunate purchase—Mr. Theobald has always been in possession of some of the leading *blood* of the day. It must be admitted that he has not always been so fortunate as he deserves: with Tarrare, Mameluke, and Rockingham, he met with very little patronage; and the mares sent to either of these stallions were of a second or third class.

Tarrare won the Leger in 1826 in good style, beating a large field of twenty-six, amongst them the celebrated Mulatto.

Mameluke won the Derby in 1827, beating twenty-two very easily; he also ran second to Matilda for the Leger, beating a field of twenty-four first-rate three-year-olds.

Rockingham won the Leger in 1833, beating nineteen others. This last horse was purchased by Mr. Theobald of Mr. Hall in 1834, and was "handed over," after his severe race with Glaucus for the Ascot Cup, at a heavy figure. In the following year, Rockingham won the Goodwood Cup in a canter, beating all the best horses of the day.

With such recommendations as these three horses truly possessed, it is astonishing that no first-rate mares were sent to them; and the only alternative Mr. Theobald had left was to sell them to the foreigners, who, of course, were ready enough to snap at such blood.

Mr. Wreford is most deeply indebted to Mr. Theobald, as the Racing Calendars of these fifteen years back sufficiently testify; and the wonder to me is, why that gentleman, after having such immense success through Camel, should choose to send his mares to a Sultan Junior or a Bay Middleton; but Mr. Wreford has discovered his "error in judgment."

As a breeder, Mr. Thornhill has not had much luck, and I suppose it was from that cause only that he sold his favorite Bobadilla

to Lord Palmerston: she is, I understand, in foal to Elis; surely the produce must race.

I did not see the new purchase, Humbug, but was informed that he had left for training quarters (Brown's at Lewes) a day or two before my visit. I thought this colt won easily at Gorhambury, and a jockey who rode forward in the race assured me that such was in reality the case. Humbug is rather of a small size, but very muscular and exceedingly likely to train on; but there is not length enough about him, according to my notions of what a racer ought to be, to manage a Derby. 'Tis true we frequently see little horses run well, but I stick to the old saying of old Sykes, that "a good *big* horse is better than a good *little one*." Humbug was got by Plenipotentiary, out of Deception by Mountebank—blood good enough to win anything.

Mr. Theobald has another colt of his own breeding in the Derby, called Highlander, by Rockingham, out of Cleopatra by Camel, which was hinted as being a very promising youngster.

Old *Cydnus* appeared in green old age. Every one must remember the glorious exploits of Euphrates, own brother to Cydnus, and such performances ought to command some respect for this son of Quiz. Cydnus, as a runner, was far, very far, from being an indifferent performer: he was, like Euphrates, more famed for stoutness than speed. Cydnus, I suppose, gets a fairish quantity of country or half-bred mares, and it would be a difficult thing to find a stallion of the present day more likely to get useful country horses than he.

The Exquisite is a neat-looking Arabian sort of an animal, and is decidedly the dearest horse that John Theobald, Esq., ever purchased. He was got by Whalebone, out of Dandizette's dam. I well remember the Derby race of 1829. The Downs were as hard as a M'Adamized road, and old Forth, by keeping his horses quiet on the nice *bed of down* at Michel Grove, had a wonderful advantage over the others. The race was run in very quick time, and old Forth on Frederick just won by a head from young Buckle on *The Exquisite*: fifteen others ran in the groupe, completely enveloped in dust. It was *The Exquisite's* running here that induced Mr. Theobald to purchase him of Mr. Forth, to be delivered up after the St. Leger at Doncaster. He ran at Doncaster, and was nowhere. If my memory serves me rightly, Mr. Theobald kept the horse on in training, and ran him either at Brighton or Egham in the following year, when he was put out of training. *The Exquisite* has had a very few respectable mares sent to him, and yet I have been told that some of his stock have been racing-like.

My favorite *Camel* was looking well, and was as playful as ever. He was the fastest horse by *many pounds* at Newmarket in his day. His stock have turned out not only speedy, but in many instances stout: altogether he has been the most approved stallion of the day. I need only name the following first-rate runners to prove my assertion:—Caravan, Calisto, Reel, Wintonian, Touchstone (winner of the St. Leger and many Cups), Launcelot (win-

ner of the St. Leger and second for the Derby), Camellino, Revoke (as game an animal as ever looked through a bridle), Wapiti, Westonian, Black Bess, Archy, Cameleon, Lampoon, Misdeal, Mule, Seahorse, Simoom, Pickwick, colt out of Cecilia, *cum multis aliis*. Mr. Batson has a fine colt by Camel, out of Harriet (the dam of Plenipotentiary), which he calls El Maherry. This colt is in the Derby, as are also the following Camel colts:—Pickpocket (winner of the Hopeful Stakes in the First October Meeting), Mamerus, Chotornian (matched for 1000 sovs. a side against Captain Cook, 8st. 10lb. each, A. F., Newmarket Second October Meeting), and Mr. Wreford's two colts out of Monimia and Westeria. No doubt Camel will get a great many of our most fashionable mares this season.

Muley Moloch has taken Rockingham's place at Stockwell, and the change, I have no doubt, will prove beneficial to Mr. Theobald. *Muley Moloch* is one of the finest thorough-bred stallions I ever beheld. He was bred by Mr. Nowell in 1830, and was got by Muley, out of Longwaist's dam. At Mr. Nowell's sale in 1831, he was purchased by the late Duke of Cleveland, and turned over to John Smith to be trained. His first appearance on any course was at York Spring Meeting 1832, where he ran, but was not placed, in a Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, for two-year-olds; colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.; T. Y. C. The race was won by a colt belonging to Sir E. Dodsworth, got by Jerry, out of Lady of the Vale's dam, beating a very large field. This colt turned out one of the greatest rips ever trained.

At the Doncaster Meeting 1832, *Muley Moloch* carrying 8st. 5lb. (Lye), won the Champagne Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., Red House in, beating Belshazzar, 8st. 5lb.; All-Max, 8st. 5lb.; Energy, 8st. 3lb.; filly by Partisan, out of Scribe, 8st. 3lb.; filly by Lottery, out of Miss Fanny, 8st. 3lb.; Tuft, 8st. 5lb.; and Flame, 8st. 3lb. Betting, 5 to 2 agst. Belshazzar, 3 to 1 agst. All-Max, 9 to 2 agst. Miss Fanny, and 6 to 1 agst. any other. *Muley Moloch* was not up to the mark, and was not mentioned in the Ring: he won by a head, after one of the finest struggles ever seen.

Although nominated for the Derby, his Noble Owner preferred keeping him in the northern circuit; and at the York Spring Meeting, 1833, *Muley Moloch* (ridden by John Day) won the York Derby, one mile and a half, in a common canter, beating Satan, Lot, Frankenstein, and five others. Betting, 6 to 4 on *Muley Moloch*.

He was now at 6 to 1 for the St. Leger. At Doncaster (ridden by John Day) he ran for the St. Leger, but was not placed by the Judge. Rockingham was the winner: Mussulman second. Betting, 3 to 1 agst. *Muley Moloch*, 6 to 1 agst. Belshazzar, 7 to 1 agst. Mussulman, 7 to 1 agst. Revenge, 8 to 1 agst. Rockingham, 13 to 1 agst. The Mole, and long odds agst. any other. *Muley Moloch* was decidedly not half fit to run, and was one of the first to give way.

In the Newmarket Craven Meeting 1834, *Muley Moloch*, 8st.

7lb. (S. Chifney), won the Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., T. M. M., beating uncommonly easy Revenge, Mussulman, Sir Robert, Jason, Whale, Chantilly, Revelry, and Catalonian. Betting, 11 to 8 agst. Mussulman (taken), 5 to 2 agst. Muley Moloch (taken), 7 to 1 agst. Whale, 9 to 1 agst. Revenge, and 10 to 1 agst. any other. It was allowed by one of our keenest Newmarket trainers that he had never seen four *finer* horses at the post to run for a race of this description than the winner, Revenge, Mussulman, and Whale—each stood upwards of sixteen hands high, and their condition did great credit to their respective trainers.

In the First Spring Meeting, carrying 8st. 4lb., Muley Moloch walked over for a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., T. M. M.

At Doncaster, at 8st. (John Day), he won the Renewed Doncaster Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages, two miles, beating, as easy as you please, Despot, 4 yrs., 8st., and Zohrab, 3 yrs., 6st. 10lb. Betting, 5 to 1 on Muley Moloch.

The next day he walked over for a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft., for four-year-olds, St. Leger Course, three subscribers. To this Stake 25 sovs. was added by the Racing Fund.

On the next day, he, carrying 8st. 3lb., was beaten by Tomboy, 3 yrs., 8st. 10lb., for the Doncaster Gold Cup, two miles and five furlongs. Consul, 5 yrs., 9st., was second; Muley Moloch third. Polander, 3 yrs., 7st., and The Mystery, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb., also started. A good race. Betting, 5 and 6 to 4 on Muley Moloch.

At Carlisle, at 8st. 4lb. (ridden by Lye), Muley Moloch won the Gold Cup, two miles and a quarter, beating a colt by Muley, out of Bequest, 3 yrs., 7st. (from the same stable); Inheritor, 3 yrs., 7st., and four others. Muley Moloch the favorite.

At the same meeting, carrying 9st. (Lye), he won His Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., for all ages, four miles, beating, very easily, Mayflower, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb., and Monitor, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.

At the Caledonian Hunt Meeting, Muley Moloch, at 9st. (Lye), was beaten in turn by Inheritor, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb., for His Majesty's Guineas, four miles: three others started. Muley Moloch the favorite at long odds. A fine race.

In 1835, at Newcastle, Muley Moloch, then 5 yrs. old, carrying his old jockey Tommy Lye, 8st. 10lb., won the Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages, one mile, beating Shot, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.; The Count, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.; Emigrant, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.; and Chevalier, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb. Any odds on Muley Moloch, who won in a canter.

At the same meeting, at 8st. 10lb. (Lye), he won the Newcastle Cup, for all ages, two miles, beating the celebrated Hornsea, 3 yrs., 6st. 10lb. Muley Moloch the favorite.

At the Doncaster Meeting, Muley Moloch, 8st. 9lb. (Lye), won the Doncaster Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages, one mile, beating the renowned Glaucus, 5 yrs., 8st. 9lb., very cleverly. Six to 4 was betted on Muley Moloch.

At the same meeting, he fell lame when running for the Hornby Castle Stakes, for all ages, two miles. Glaucus, ridden by Scott, was the winner. Betting, 6 and 7 to 4 on Muley Moloch. This

race ought to have closed this valuable animal's career, but the late Duke, or John Smith, thought otherwise, and kept him in training till the Doncaster Meeting 1836, when he, then 6 yrs. old, 9st., started for the Fitzwilliam Stakes of 10 sovs. each, mile and a half, but broke down in running. The race ended in a dead heat between General Chasse, 5 yrs., 8st. 12lb., and Birdlime, 5 yrs., 8st. 12lb. Thus ended the racing days of Muley Moloch, and few will quarrel with his performances.

As a stallion he has still greater claims to patronage, as the following well-known names will prove:—Alice Hawthorn (winner of the Chester Trades Cup this last season in a canter), Cattonite, Galaor, Idolatry, Inheritance, Mobarek, Pagan, Disclosure, Middleham (winner of the Liverpool St. Leger in 1841), and Sir Harry. Lord Exeter would not do *much* wrong if he sent a few of his *weedy* Sultan mares to this valuable and justly fashionable stallion.

Orville, the sire of Muley, was decidedly the best two-year-old of his year. He won the St. Leger in 1802 in the easiest style imaginable. He also was the winner of *twenty-one* other races, beating all the best horses of his time. Eleanor, the dam of Muley, is recorded as the winner of both Derby and Oaks in the year 1801—an event unprecedented in the annals of racing. She was also the winner of twenty-seven other races, in many of which she was opposed to the best horses of the day. Muley Moloch, as will be seen upon testing his performances, ran in *sixteen* races, and was the winner eleven times. It will be noticed that he beat most of the *flyers* of his day, and there is no doubt that when he won the Port Stakes he could have given *seven pounds* to anything of his year. Muley Moloch was purchased of the late Duke of Cleveland by Mr. Kirby, who sold him at the end of the year 1841 to Mr. Theobald for a good sum; and to the admirers of a magnificent blood stallion, I do not know better advice than to “send them to Stockwell.”

I have a vast deal of respect for Old *Laurel*, having been fortunate enough in my younger days to have been a witness to many of his best exploits. I really cannot understand why this well-bred, and truly honest and successful racer does not get some of our best-bred mares; he has every thing to recommend him! Gardiner told me that he got a great many hunting mares! But there is no accounting for fancy. *Laurel* is a brown horse, was bred by Major Yarrowburgh in 1824, got by Blacklock, out of Charles the Twelfth's dam. The first time of *Laurel*'s starting was for the St. Leger at the York Spring Meeting 1827, when he was beaten by Nonplus and others.

At Doncaster he ran a capital third to Matilda and Mameluke for the Great St. Leger, beating Granby, Popsy, Malek, Lunaria, and nineteen others. Betting, 5 to 2 agst. Mameluke, 4 to 1 agst. Granby, 9 to 1 agst. Matilda, 18 to 1 agst. Lunaria, 18 to 1 agst. Popsy, and 20 to 1 agst. Malek. *Laurel* was not in the betting.

At the York Spring Meeting 1828, *Laurel*, 8st. (ridden by Nicholson), won the Constitution Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds and upwards, one mile and a quarter (nine sub-

scribers), beating Matilda, 4 yrs., 8st., and Mulatto, 5 yrs., 8st. 9lb. Won cleverly. Five to 4 on Matilda, 7 to 4 agst. Mulatto, and 5 to 1 agst. Laurel.

At Beverley Meeting, Laurel carrying 8st. 3lb. (Nicholson), won the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., two miles, beating Lady Georgiana, 5 yrs., 8st. 8lb. Laurel the favorite. Won very easily.

At Pontefract, at 8st. 3lb., Laurel (ridden by Nicholson) won the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., by subscriptions of 10 sovs. each, for all ages, two miles and a half, beating Master Burke, 3 yrs., 6st. 12lb.; Gameboy, 3 yrs., 6st. 12lb.; Sister to Tarrare, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb.; and Alpha, 5 yrs., 6st. 12lb. Seven to 4 on Laurel, who won uncommonly easy.

At Doncaster, carrying 8st. 3lb. (Nicholson), he won the Gold Cup for all ages; three-year-olds 7st., four 8st. 3lb., five 8st. 10lb., six and aged 9st.; two miles and five furlongs; beating Longwaist, aged; Medora, 4 yrs.; Mameluke, 4 yrs.; Purity, 6 yrs.; and Robin Hood, 4 yrs. Betting, 6 to 5 on Mameluke, 4 to 1 agst. Laurel, and 6 to 1 agst. Longwaist. A good race.

At York Spring Meeting 1829, Laurel, at 8st. 7lb., was beaten by Velocipede, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb., for the Gold Cup, two miles; but beat Nonplus, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lb., and Actæon, aged, 8st. 13lb. Velocipede the favorite. A very good race, and run in quick time.

At Beverley, Laurel, carrying 8st. 10lb., was beaten, after a most slashing race, by only half a head, by Robin Hood, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb. Betting, 8 and 10 to 1 on Laurel, who was not quite up to the mark at the time.

At the Liverpool July Meeting, Laurel, at 9st. 4lb., started for the Tradesmen's Cup or Piece of Plate, Handicap, two miles, but was not placed. Velocipede, 4 yrs., 8st. 8lb., was the winner by a "short head;" Doctor Faustus, aged, 8st. 13lb., second. Betting, 6 to 4 agst. Velocipede, 4 to 1 agst. Economist, 9 to 2 agst. Laurel, 5 to 1 agst. Doctor Faustus (taken), and 8 to 1 agst. any other.

Next day, Laurel, at 8st. 10lb. (Lye), won the Stand Cup, value 100 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages, two miles and a half (twelve subs.), beating Halston, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb. Seven to 4 on Laurel, who won in a canter. Velocipede was drawn, being lame. This was the last appearance of Velocipede as a racer.

At Preston, Laurel, 8st. 10lb. (Templeman), won the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, three miles and a distance (twenty-one subscribers), beating Economist, 4 yrs., 8st., and Fylde, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb. A good race.

At Doncaster, Laurel, carrying 8st. 10lb., ran second to Voltaire, 3 yrs., 7st., for the Doncaster Cup, two miles and five furlongs, beating Fleur-de-lis, aged, 9st.; Medora, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb.; Cistercian, 3 yrs., 7st.; and Granby, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb. Betting, 2 to 1 agst. Laurel, 5 to 2 agst. Voltaire (taken), 7 to 2 agst. Fleur-de-lis, and 5 to 1 agst. Granby. A very fast run race.

At Lincoln, Laurel, 8st. 10lb., was beaten by Fleur-de-lis, aged, 9st., for the Grand Falconer's Gold Cup, value 200 gs., given by

His Grace of St. Alban's, free for any horse, two miles ; but beat Bessy Bedlam, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb. ; Ballad Singer, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb. ; Robin Hood, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb. ; and a colt by Tiresias, dam by Haphazard, 3 yrs., 7st. Laurel was the favorite, from his having beaten the mare at Doncaster, who, however, had a glorious revenge here ; it was, nevertheless, a good race.

At the York Spring Meeting 1830, Laurel, then 6 yrs. old, carrying 9st. 1lb., ran third and last to Medora, 6 yrs., 9st. 1lb., for the Constitution Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. (eight subs.), one mile and a quarter. Cistercian, 4 yrs., 8st., was second. Betting, 7 to 4 on Laurel, 3 to 1 agst. Medora, and 5 to 1 agst. Cistercian. A good race.

At York August Meeting, Laurel, 9st. (Nicholson), won the Gold Cup, the gift of the Hon. E. Petre, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards, two miles, beating Maria, 3 yrs., 6st. 11lb. ; Bryan, 3 yrs., 7st. ; and Medora, 6 yrs., 9st. Seven to 4 on Medora, 5 to 2 agst. Laurel, and 7 to 2 agst. Maria. A capital race.

On Thursday in the same meeting, Laurel, carrying 8st. 11lb., was beaten by Fortitude, 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb., for a Silver Tureen, two miles (seventeen subs.) ; but beat Lucy, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb. ; Brine, 3 yrs., 6st. 8lb. ; Ballad Singer, 5 yrs., 8st. 6lb. ; and Barleycorn, 3 yrs., 6st. 6lb. Betting, 5 and 6 to 4 on Laurel, 3 to 1 agst. Fortitude, and 4 to 1 agst. each of the others. A beautiful struggle, and won with difficulty.

At Pontefract, Laurel, 9st. 3lb. (Nicholson), won the Gold Cup of 100 sovs. value, with 20 added, for all ages, two miles and a quarter (seven subscribers), beating Cistercian, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb. ; Terror, 5 yrs., 8st. 12lb. ; and Laura, 3 yrs., 8st. 9lb. Six to 4 on Laurel.

At Doncaster, carrying 9st., Laurel was beaten for the Gold Cup, two miles and four furlongs, by Retriever, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb. Medora, 6 yrs., 9st., was second. Betting, 11 to 8 agst. Fleur-de-lis, 3 to 1 agst. Laurel, 5 to 1 agst. Medora, 6 to 1 agst. Brunswicker, and no odds taken about the winner. A very punishing race, and won by scarcely a head. The course was very heavy.

The next day, Laurel, 8st. 10lb. (Nicholson), won a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards, four miles, beating Stotforth, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb. ; Ballad Singer, 5 yrs., 8st. 1lb. ; and Rossignol, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb. Betting, 6 to 4 on Ballad Singer, 5 to 2 agst. Laurel, and 5 to 1 agst. either of the others. Won very cleverly.

At Lincoln, carrying 9st., Laurel ran third to Bullet, 3 yrs., 7st., for the Grand Falconer's Cup of 150 gs., the gift of His Grace of St. Alban's, for all ages, two miles. Cistercian, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb., was second. Bessy Bedlam, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lb., and a brown mare by Cannon Ball, aged, 8st. 11lb., also started. Laurel was the favorite.

The next day, at 9st. 3lb., he won a Plate of 70 gs. value, two mile heats, beating, very easy, Cambridge, 5 yrs., 8st. 11lb.

In 1831, then aged, Laurel, carrying 9st. 2lb., ran second to

Maria, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb., at the York Spring Meeting, for the Gold Cup, two miles, beating Medora, aged, 9st. 2lb.; Retriever, 5 yrs., 8st. 11lb.; Redstart, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb.; Raby, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb.; Windcliffe, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb.; and Thatcher, 5 yrs., 8st. 8lb. Betting, 6 to 4 agst. Maria, 2 to 1 agst. Retriever, 4 to 1 agst. Laurel, and 5 to 1 agst. Raby. A good contest.

At Beverley, Laurel, carrying 9st. (Nicholson), won the Gold Cup of 100 sovs. value, by subscriptions of 10 sovs. each, two miles, beating Cambridge, 6 yrs., 9st., and Hassan, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb. Won easy.

At the York August Meeting, Laurel, at 9st., ran third and last to Maria, 4 yrs., 7st. 13lb. Medora, aged, 9st., was second.

At the Doncaster Meeting, Laurel, at 9st., ran second to Maria, 4 yrs., 8st., for the Doncaster Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, two miles. Lady Emmeline, 4 yrs., 8st., was third; Cistercian, 5 yrs., 8st. 9lb., fourth; and Roundwaist, 5 yrs., 8st. 9lb., last.

On the Friday in the same meeting, Laurel, carrying 8st. 10lb., ran third to Rowton, 5 yrs., 8st. 5lb., for a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for four-year-olds and upwards, four miles. Medora, 8st. 10lb., was second. Even on Rowton, 4 to 1 agst. Medora, and 4 to 1 agst. Laurel. Thus ended the racing career of this celebrated son of Blacklock, and few will be disposed to think meanly of his performances; he had a good turn of speed, with a *heart as true as steel*.

The poor old *Norfolk Phenomenon* is still amongst the "wonders" at Stockwell. Poor fellow! surely it would be a charity to end the days of this once most extraordinary animal, for age has laid his heavy hand upon him.

To the lover of the "Stable and Paddock," a few hours may be spent most delightfully at Mr. Theobald's. James Gardiner seems quite *au fait* at his duty, and is wherewithal a very civil and intelligent man.

To conclude: Mr. Theobald is one of that class of Sportsmen now, alas! nearly extinct. He sticks with the most persevering industry to his "leathers and boots." He is just one of those to whom we would refer a Foreigner if asked to show him a specimen of our "fine Old English Gentlemen" of the present time.

November 17, 1842.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for December, 1842.

BREEDING FOR THE TURF.

BY CHIRON.

Resumed from page 688 of the last volume.

THE remarks I have made on the administration of purgatives to horses that have already passed through their first ordeal of training, should be sufficient to demonstrate to every thinking man the principles upon which they act, the mode in which they assist nature in ridding the system of a too great quantity of fecal matter, accumulated in the alimentary canal through errors of diet or want of tone in the digestive organs generally (probably induced by the same cause), and the reason why too frequently repeated doses of purgative medicine must, by a reiterated stimulus to the same portion of the body, terminate by reducing its powers, and thereby diminish the vigor of the system generally. But the abuse of a remedy is by no means to operate as a preventive to our employing it when we have reason to believe, upon reflection, that its action is necessary, and will probably prove beneficial. Hence, when we have to attempt to improve the condition of a palsy and improperly fed animal, we are obliged in the onset of our treatment not only to administer a purgative for the purpose of clearing away any offensive matter that may be detained in the bowels, but possibly to repeat the dose occasionally, with a view to diminish by depletion the quantity of fat in the body, which, so long as it remains in an undue proportion, impedes the healthy functions of the different viscera, and renders the horse incapable of sustaining such a degree of exercise as is absolutely essential to render him fit to compete with racers in first-rate condition.

I notice this portion of the first treatment of a horse that is not in a fit state to run the more particularly, because there exists a most erroneous opinion among most trainers and stud-grooms, that the fatter a horse is the more violently must he be purged to reduce the state of plethora under which he labors. The fact, however, is precisely the reverse: generally speaking, the more a horse's body is loaded with fat, the greater is the depression of vital power, and few animals in this state will be found to support well the copious bleedings and strong doses of physic that are too frequently employed for the purpose of reducing their bulk. Fat is a symptom of weakness; it is a sign that the assimilating organs of the body are not sufficiently vigorous to enable them to incorporate the nutritive portion of the food received into the stomach with the muscular structure, the glands, bones, &c., of the system. In short, it is an extraneous substance, which is no further useful than in filling up the interstices of the muscles, and in forming, in some parts, an impediment to certain concussions to which they

may be liable. When, therefore, it exists in too great a quantity, it must be got rid of, to a certain extent, before the extreme powers of the muscles can be brought into play, and the natural and full action of the lungs can be exercised. Wind, in a certain measure, is power; for, if the muscles be unimpaired, when the lungs are incapable from any impediment of expanding to a sufficient extent, so as to renew, as I have already explained, the arterial blood, any animal is thereby immediately rendered incapable of continuing his speed. Hence the reason why, in my last paper, I adverted to the stomach being placed just below the diaphragm, which muscle separates it from the space principally occupied by the lungs. I did so in order to show that, if a horse be exercised soon after a meal, and while his stomach still contains a great portion of food, the extension of that viscus, by pressing upon the diaphragm, must necessarily diminish the area of that space which is destined for the play of the lungs.

In order to understand the meaning of this expression, I should explain that the form of the diaphragm is an arch, the convexity of which is directed towards the chest, and that, at every inspiration, the expansion of the ribs, by drawing its edges farther apart, forces down the upper portion of this vault, and thus increases the capacity of the thorax in the direction of the abdomen, thereby allowing the lungs to become filled with the atmospheric air, which is again expelled by the subsidence of the ribs to their former position, and the return of the diaphragm to its original situation. This is one mode by which the capacity of the chest is enlarged; the ribs, by their motions, act likewise upon other portions of the same part in a similar manner, and the vacuum thus produced is immediately, by a well known law of nature, filled with air, which acts on the blood in the manner I have already stated. It must, therefore, be apparent that whatever presses upon and impedes the action of those parts concerned in augmenting the area of the thorax, whether it be a loaded stomach or an accumulation of fat, must operate by diminishing the depth of the inspiration, and consequently by reducing the quantity of air received into the lungs and the amount of blood arterialized by this operation. Hence the propriety of getting rid of a superabundant quantity of fat, which may be effected principally by means of three processes, viz., by physic, bleeding, and sweating; and where there exists no valid reason for not employing these three means, it is, perhaps, better to use them conjointly (but with moderation, particularly at the commencement of a course of training), than to depend principally upon one of them, which can scarcely ever be done without temporary injury at least to some part, if not to the whole of the system.

After the caution I have given with respect to very large doses of purgative medicine to very fat horses, it will be needless to say more on that head, and I shall, therefore, now advert to the subject of bleeding with a view to diminish a plethoric state of the body. It is not only unnecessary, but extremely improper, for this purpose, to abstract a quantity of blood sufficient to enfeeble a horse; as, if

this be done, not only is time lost in restoring his stamina, but the very means by which fat is to be prevented from re-accumulating, cannot safely be put in practice. All the organs of any animal overburdened with fat, some, of course, more than others; may be considered in a state of congestion, that is, the blood does not flow through the smaller vessels as readily as it should do, and they are consequently continually gorged and unnaturally distended. The abstraction of a moderate quantity of blood will, therefore, tend to relieve this state, and to free the system from the state of oppression to which it was before subjected; but if too large a quantity be taken away, the stomach is called upon to repair the loss sustained, and the healthy appetite of the horse after a time appears to the trainer to be greater than it really is; the constant craving for food is probably construed into a symptom of his being a hardy, thriving animal, and, if his wants be satisfied, the lancet or a physic-ball will, before long, be again required. Thus it is manifest that a considerable degree of tact and observation is necessary to determine, in the first instance, the real state of a horse prior to attempting any improvement in his condition by medical means, and secondly, in apportioning those means to the furtherance of the end in view. Who that considers this subject, loosely as I have touched upon it, will say that any general rule for bleeding and physicking every horse when first put in training, can, by any possibility, be consonant to the laws of nature, and tend to promote health and improve condition? And who will not condemn the ignorance of the man who sticks a lancet into every horse when first taken up from grass, and pokes a physic-ball down his throat at a period when, perhaps, he is more debilitated than at any other, and this, whether he be fat or lean, hardy or tender, sick or well? Let those who have been in the habit of following this system, and there are many such, reflect whether they have not many times retarded rather than accelerated the progress of condition, and make themselves masters, in some degree at least, of the natural actions that regulate the animal economy, before they determine on blindly pursuing a course that frequently cannot fail to be fraught with mischief, and that, in many cases, to a fatal extent. Were I to attempt to elucidate properly all the various actions of different organs of the body which regulate healthy animal life; to show how derangement of one part is surely attended by disorder of some other with which it is immediately connected, or by that of the body generally by means of that hidden sympathy which nature has universally implanted in the system, I should probably not only exhaust the patience of my readers, but should also far exceed the limits of the slight treatise I have attempted. I must, therefore, content myself with the cursory observations I have made on the subject of physicking and bleeding, and proceed to notice the last agent in reducing fat, under which head will be included whatever remarks I may have occasion to make on exercise, the ability to undergo which must, in many instances, be first acquired by the treatment to which I have adverted. Let me, however, first point out to those who wish to train their own horses, and to trainers in

general, that, after having physicked and perhaps bled a fat horse when necessary, so soon as he is able to go out to exercise, he must on no account, until a tolerable quantity of fat be wasted away, be suffered to eat as much as he expresses a desire for. Abstinence, to a certain degree, but not to the point of inducing weakness, is, therefore, a principal mode of reducing plethora, and is generally the more necessary when a fat horse is first taken up from grass, because his very state indicates that he has been in the habit of feeding to repletion, and small quantities of food at a time will therefore be the more requisite for the purpose of giving the stomach time to recover its true and natural tone. As he progresses in condition his diet may be increased to any quantity that he is capable of properly digesting.

Of the three operations of bleeding, physicking, and sweating, perhaps, the last is likely to prove the least injurious to the system when, not carried to any very great extent at an improper moment, because, although it tends materially to promote depletion, still its effects are not so sudden as are those produced by abstraction of blood, or copious evacuations from the bowels. Indeed it would be almost impossible to lower a horse materially by the mere agency of sweating, unless extraordinary and long-continued fatigue were, at the same time, endured: but strong physic or the lancet may, of course, be employed to produce debility to any extent, or even death itself. A horse in bad condition, when first put into training, is not only incapable of going through much work, but luckily it is by no means necessary to force him to it for the purpose of making him sweat, as the worse his condition the more readily will he do so. For the same reason fast galloping is not at first requisite to promote perspiration; and this is likewise a species of exercise to which he would be unequal for any great length of time at the commencement of his training career, for, until the muscles that move the body have acquired strength by gradual and regular work, not only would the horse be incapable of continuing at speed for a long distance, but, even were these parts not susceptible of fatigue, the power of the heart would not be found sufficiently vigorous to impel the blood through the lungs, which, on that account, retaining too great a portion of this fluid in their substance, become gorged and unduly distended, the immediate effect of which must be an impediment to respiration, which, of course, soon puts a stop to all motion. When, therefore, a horse is to be sweated, he must be put to work in clothes, more or less heavy and warm, according to the quantum of perspiration that may be desirable: the weight he carries and his pace must be regulated by his powers and condition, as must the duration of his exercise: and, if he be a trussy and hardy horse, or one that is required to sweat without much active exercise, he may be taken into deep ground, as a fallow field for example, and moved up and down it at such a rate as may be requisite to promote the end desired. So soon as his exercise is terminated, he must be ridden briskly home, to prevent a chill, and there sedulously rubbed by a couple of men until every part be perfectly dry, after which he may be left alone for half

an hour or an hour, and then visited to see if he have not broken out into a second sweat, which will frequently be the case with ill-conditioned horses. If so, he must be rubbed anew, and when well dried, a little tepid water and some food may be given him, for it may chance that, without such stimulus to the stomach, he may continue to break out every hour or two, the sweating being induced by want of bodily power. In this case not only is sustenance necessary, but, by setting the stomach at work, a quantity of blood is determined to the organs of digestion, and the cutaneous circulation is thereby relieved.

A horse may at first sweat twice a week in tolerable quantity, and on the intervening days he should have plenty of brisk walking exercise, being kept out in the open air as much as possible, for there is nothing that tends so much to invigorate the stomach and system generally as the constant inhalation of pure air, to say nothing of the beneficial effects of exercise at the same time. As the condition of the horse progresses, the diminution of fat will render the muscles of the body more and more apparent when in motion: the crest will become firmer to the touch, and the flesh generally will feel harder and more resisting as the state of the system improves; the eye, instead of being dull and languid, will become lively and full of fire; the listless motion in the stall, when made to shift from side to side, will be exchanged for an agile spring; the appetite will become more keen, and the temper, perhaps, a little more fractious: in short, every action, even the motion of the ears backwards, and forwards, will exhibit more and more alertness, and fire and energy will gradually usurp the place of listlessness and inactivity. By such signs shall the observing trainer know that his plan of treatment is working well. Let him, then, persevere in it, not too fast, however, and in moderate degree increase the quantum of the horse's work by so much as he finds him capable of supporting without fatigue, which he shall judge of by accompanying him in his gallops, and by noticing whether he pulls at his jockey, and exhibits a desire to run on. So soon as he begins to flag in the least, let him be pulled up, and his pace reduced to a walk, that he may have time to recover from his exertions: if he be found to sweat profusely, it is a sign that he has had enough quick work, and that the remainder of his exercise should be taken at a more moderate pace.

To reduce this treatment to something like a system, let us suppose that a racer be fed four times in the course of the day, viz., at eight in the morning, at noon, at four in the afternoon, and again at eight o'clock at night, which plan will allow four hours to elapse between each meal, and let us suppose him to have been brought by judicious treatment into such a state as will admit of his going through a fair share of work. Well, then, in the summer he should be regularly taken out soon after four in the morning, walked for half an hour or so, and then galloped for about a couple of miles at such a pace as he is well capable of sustaining. There is neither any necessity, nor is it by any means proper to race a horse for this distance for the purpose of improving his wind; indeed the strongest animal could never endure such a system of

training long, although many people imagine that, without undergoing such trials constantly, no horse can run a race at full speed when required to do so. This, however, is not the fact; a horse's stamina and speed may be brought to the highest pitch of excellence by only exacting from him, at stated and regular periods, such a degree of work as he is perfectly capable of performing without extraordinary exertion; and when forced beyond his strength, instead of bodily power being increased, fatigue and its follower, temporary debility, are induced. After his gallop he should be walked about for an hour, when, if he be of stout constitution, and able to support a good deal of sharp exercise, he may be again gently galloped for a distance proportioned to his strength, and at such a pace as will not cause him to sweat in any considerable degree. Having gone through his second gallop, he should again be walked until perfectly cool; the lad, as he sits on his back, rubbing his shoulders, neck, head, and ears, now and then, with a horsehair glove, and by seven o'clock he may be brought into his stable, where, after having been diligently groomed, he should be left to himself until the time for feeding arrives, when he should be watered and fed according to the diet that may be proper for him. It is, at all times, highly improper to feed or water a horse immediately after strong exercise, as the stomach is not in a fit state to perform its office of digestion while the circulation remains excited. During summer, when flies prove exceedingly troublesome to horses, it is a good plan to cover those parts of the stable by which a free current of air is admitted with a gauze blind, taking care, before the stable-door be closed, to drive out as many of these annoying insects as possible. When the horse has finished his meal, he will, probably, lie down, and should not be disturbed again until noon, when his next feed is to be given to him; and, if the weather be very hot, he should have his third feed at four o'clock (these two last consisting simply of oats, or oats and beans or bran, according to the horse's constitution), and be allowed to remain at rest until five, or half past, when he may be again taken out and kept principally at walking exercise for a couple of hours. Being dressed again, and made up for the night, his last feed, with as much water as he pleases to drink, may be given at eight, after which he will have full eight hours for repose before he is again visited. Should the weather not be too sultry, those horses which require much exercise to prevent them from becoming palsy may be gently exercised from two o'clock until three, but no horse should be made to go through quick work until he have fasted at least three hours, and the stomach be almost, if not quite empty. For this reason the gallops should always be taken the first thing in the morning, after the horse has had such moderate exercise as will induce him to empty himself, and the remaining and more gentle portion of his exercise should be reserved for the interval between his daily meals. In most cases, the longer a horse is kept out in the open air without fatigue, the more vigorous and healthy will he become, and the less obnoxious to disease from variations of temperature and atmospheric influences.

A Few Interesting Incidents IN THE TERRESTRIAL EXISTENCE OF A YOUNG MAN WHO USED TO LIKE HORSES.

BY THE LATE "J. CYPRESS, JR." (WM. P. HAWES, ESQ.)

I LOVE a good, fast horse. I luxuriate in a well-balanced buggy. If my biography be ever written, "*gaudet equis*" will be the weathercock quotation set above the history to show which way the wind of its lucubration is about to blow. My equine propensities were developed as soon as I could toddle upon truant feet to the nearest stable in the neighborhood. At the sixth year's existence, I abstracted a shilling from my step-mother's work-box, to pay the man that kept the zebra; but I honestly paid it back, with funds acquired the next day by running away from school and holding the horses of two militia colonels, when they dismounted on the parade ground for a grand review by the brigadier general.

Our milk-man had a horse; he was not a very especial beauty; but couldn't he go fast around the corner! I once knocked down a little peanut girl, and turned Maiden-lane into a very palpably milky way, by trying to find the maximum of proximity which might be attained between a pump and the hub of a wheel, without any necessary collision of contiguous particles of matter. Like many other philosophers, I came near sacrificing my life to my scientific zeal, just at the moment when I deemed my discovery secure, and my triumph certain and glorious. The jealous fates, as usual, interfered, and with violent rage at my promised success, precipitated me across the street into the centre of the peanut establishment just referred to. Down went the lady-merchant, and down went her apples, peanuts and barbers'-poles. I felt sorry for the poor thing, but it was all her fault, for not getting out of the way; or else it was the fault of the corporation in planting such a stubborn hydrodynamical obstacle at the corner of the street.

This was but the preface to more glorious exploits, the entitlement of a long chapter of spirit-stirring accidents. The incidents of my life have been but a catalogue of the names of danger. I have been run away with by frightened, and kicked and bitten by vicious steeds; I have been thrown from stumblers; I have broken down in sulkies; I have been upset in gigs,—in fine—for the whole catalogue would be tedious—I have been crushed, and banged and bruised, and battered in all manner of imaginable fashions; so that it is a crying mercy that I have fingers left to write this penitential confession. Indeed, when I reflect upon my various hair-breadth salvations, I cannot help thinking of what an eminently amiable Dutch gentlewoman told certain foraging

pupils of a country boarding-school, concerning some choice forbidden fruit, touching which we had mounted a tree in her garden. "Don't hook them are cherries, boys," she screamed, "I'm reserved them for presarves." O! what a jubilate would go up from my blessed maiden aunts, were the promise of a hope to be shadowed forth, that I am reserved for some better function than to moisten the shears of Mistress Beldame Atropos!

When I had escaped so far as my sixteenth year, I was driving a spirited, half-broken colt before a pleasure-wagon, near a country village, in the neighborhood of which myself and my companion expected to shoot on the succeeding day. It was just at night, and our journey was nearly completed. All of a sudden, our whiffle-tree became detached from the vehicle, and fell upon the horse's heels. Off then he started, in the madness of his fright, utterly uncontrollable, and whirling us after him in the bounding wagon. The trees and fences appeared and vanished like lightning; we seemed to fly. All that I could pray for, was to be able to keep our racer in the road, and I hoped to hold him on a straight and steady run, until the furious animal should be exhausted. Vain hope! my hands were soon powerless from the strain of holding and sawing and pulling on the reins. Just at this crisis, a little green lane, running at right angles with the turnpike, invited the wilful feet of our crazy colt, by a fair promise of an easy road, and a speedy barn-yard termination. But, alas! not three bounds had the runaway made upon his new chosen course, before he brought us upon a spot where they were mending the track, and where the way was accordingly strewn with huge, rough stones. That was the last I saw, and it is all I remember of the matter.

Two days afterwards I awoke, and found myself in bed in a strange place. I raised my hand to rub my eyes open, and dispel the supposed dream, but to my astonishment, I found that my arm was stiff and bandaged, as though I had been lately bled. I was weak and sore in all my bones. There was a smell of camphor in the room. A bottle marked "soap liniment" stood upon a table by my bed-side. The window-shutters were half closed, but a curiously cut crescent—the crowning glory, no doubt, of the artificer of the domicile—admitted the bright rays of a mid-day sun. All was still as the solitude of a wilderness.

I fell back upon the pillow in amazement. It was a neat, pleasant little room, plainly, but comfortably furnished, adorned with peacocks' feathers, tastefully arranged around the walls, and a large boquet of fresh flowers in the fire-place. The appointments of the bed were delightful; the sheets were white as snow, and the curtains were of old-fashioned chintz, blue and white, presenting to my wondering eyes innumerable little venuses and cupids. Why should I be a-bed there, and the sun shining in the window, bright as noonday?

A newspaper lay upon the foot of my bed; I took it up, and gazed upon it vacantly. It was the village hebdomadal, just moist from the press. A mist floated before my eyes as they fell upon my own name. When I regained my uncertain vision, I made

out with difficulty to comprehend the following editorial announcement: "We regret to mention, that on Thursday evening last, a serious accident befel Mr. Renovare Dolorem, jun., and Dr. Cerberus Angelo, of New York, as they were riding in a wagon, in the vicinity of this village. The horse taking fright, ran away, upset the vehicle, and threw out the gentlemen near the toll-gate. Mr. D. was taken up for dead, but the doctor escaped unhurt. Fortunately, Squire Hoel Bones was passing by at the time, and he and the doctor conveyed Mr. D. to a house in the neighborhood, where, we are happy to say, every attention is rendered to the unfortunate sufferer. Mr. D. continues still insensible."

Here then was a development of the why and wherefore of my stiff joints and meridian repose. "So, then, now for another week's repentance," I sighed aloud; but there was some one at the door, and I stopped and shut my eyes. I heard the rustling of frocks, and soft footsteps fell upon the floor, and presently the curtains were drawn aside, and I perceived the shadows of two light figures bending over me, and I heard low, restrained breathings. A small fore-finger wandered about my wrist, in search of my pulse; a little hand was drawn several times across my forehead, and then it put back the tangled hair that overhung my eyebrows; I thought it seemed to linger about my temples, as though its owner wished there was another matted tuft yet to be adjusted.

"He has got more color than he had, sister;" was the first spoken sentence. No reply was made.

"Poor fellow! I wonder if he will die. Isn't he handsome, Mary?" said the same fair speaker, after a little pause.

I am telling a true story, and if I have to rehearse compliments that were paid me when a boy, it must not be set down under the head of vanity.

Mary answered not, but she sighed. That was voice and speech enough for me. She was evidently the younger of the two, and my boyish fancy quickly formed the beau ideal of the girl who heaved that sigh for my misadventures and dangers. I was at once in love, deeply, devotedly. I cared not to open my eyes; I would willingly have been blind for ever, the vision of my imagination was so happy. Yet it was painful to lie there, a hypocrite, affecting insensibility, and hear my physiognomy and my chance of recovery discussed between the maidens. Perhaps I was bashful—*O quantum mutatus!* and had not the courage to encounter the eyes of beings whom I knew not, but in the kind discharge of the grateful offices of guardian angels. I wonder they did not feel my quick beating pulse, and hear my throbbing heart beating against my ribs.

Presently they left my bed-side and glided to the looking-glass, where they conversed in inaudible whispers. I ventured to peep through a crevice in the curtain, and reconnoitre my gentle nurses. Need I say they were both beautiful?

Presumptuous wretch! O! worse than profaner of the mysteries of the Bona Dea, to gaze with unlicensed eye upon the deli-

cate services of the toilet! The cruelly punished Actæon was to be pitied, for he rushed unwittingly into the presence of the hunter goddess; but I courted my just punishment, and if I was doomed to love both sisters madly, it was but a merciful judgment!

The elder sister was, I thought, about twenty; Mary had scarcely passed her fifteenth year. Had it not been for that newspaper, I might have revelled in the fancies of a Turkish paradise.

Jenneatte took out her comb, and there gushed down her back a full bright flow of auburn tresses, that almost reached her feet.

Sister Mary assisted her in plaiting and adjusting and putting them up, and then tightened her corset-lacing, and then —, spare me, spare me, too faithful memory! and then sister Jenneatte left Mary and me alone.

If the doctor had come in at the moment, he could have told whether I had a fever, without taking out his watch, and looking wise.

I closed my eyes, for Mary was at my bedside, and her evident agitation assured me that there was pity in her heart. Kind, good girl! that innocent sympathy would have won the mercy of the coldest censor. She put her arm under the pillow, and gently raised my head. Something rested on my cheek; it was warm and moist; there was a gentle pressure about it; it was still and quiet; and Mary's breath was with it; and it came again, and again—yes, Mary kissed me—gods!

Fudge. I am getting rhapsodical. What can have made my eyes so misty? Mary is nothing to me—now that—, pshaw!

When Doctor Cerberus Angelo came in to see me, I was alone, tossing to and fro with a burning fever. Consternation and hurry were written on his face, for he came upon a summons from Mary, who had told him, in tears, that I had waked up, and was very wild and flighty.

The lancet renewed its office, and sudorifices and antifebriles were again my bitter portion. But all the doctor's practice reached not my disease. That night, that night! how I suffered! I raved and ranted all manner of incoherent nonsense; now calling upon Mary, and now crying for Jenneatte. The doctor soothed, and scolded, and brought me mint tea, and swore at me. At last I fell asleep, and there was a quiet house until the next morning, when I awoke faint, weak, and melancholy.

I tried to reason with myself upon the absurdity of my passion for the two girls, but without avail. It was a species of insanity which I could not cure.

I slowly recovered my strength and health, but before a fortnight had elapsed, I had offered my boy-heart to each of the sisters, and was engaged to be married to them both.

This was not villainy, but madness. The doctor found it out, and read me a lecture on gratitude. I think he was jealous of me. He wrote also to my father, and a close carriage soon conveyed me from the place where my heart was doubly pledged. Jenneatte kissed me good-by at the door. She could do it with propriety—

she was so much older than me ; but Mary ran up into her room, to cry by herself.

When I arrived at man's estate, did I not of course continue to love Mary, and make the tender-hearted little country girl my wedded wife ?——

I am wandering again. Let me proceed to another incident. We were talking of horses and accidents.

I am romantic enough to love to ride upon a moonlit night. What a beautiful sight is the full, round-faced goddess, mounting into a clear, blue sky, just after the snow has done falling, and the wind is lulled into an almost infant's breath ! How it makes one think of sleigh-bells, and fur cloaks, and buffalo skins, and mulled wine, and bright eyes, and cold elastic cheeks, and warm merry hearts ! “ On such a night as this,” my college chum Harry and I drove a gallant pair of coursers up to old Dorus Van Stickler's mansion, in New Jersey. The girls had promised to go, and the sleighing was capital, and there was to be a ball at Valley-grotto, about nine miles off. We left the horses in charge of sable Sam, and bounded into the house. Harry's sweetheart was all ready, but Jemima, my Jemima, had a bad headache, and could not go. This grief was distressing enough, in all conscience ; but what think you of her aunt Starchy's stalking into the room, rigged out with muff and tippet—as I am a sinner!—and telling me that it was a pity that I should be disappointed, and that she would go with me herself in Mima's place ?

Fire and ice ! what benevolence ! and O ! provident antiquity ! she put into my hands as a pledge of her sincerity, her snuff-box, and a towel-full of gingerbread, to sneeze and eat upon the road.

I was patient, very patient. Yet, nevertheless, I did think of going out and breaking one of the horses' legs. “ But after all,” whispered my good genius to me, and then I to Harry, “ what need we care ? To be sure, we can't go to the ball, and we'll have to come home early ; but trust to fate. I'll try to get rid of her. Remember, *I shall drive.*”

I assisted the old lady into the sleigh. It was like lifting an icicle or a chesnut rail.

We rode more than a mile before a word was spoken, except to the horses. I had the reins. Harry and his loved one were on the back seat, talking by looks and actions. Happy, happy Harry !

The old woman after a while grew drowsy—she did, by Jove. She pitched backwards and forwards, now knocking Harry, and now saluting me with her honored cranium. She seemed used to it, for despite of all my hopes, she would not tumble out of the sleigh.

At last we approached a tavern, near which was a beautiful, deep snow-drift. I knew the ground. It was rough, and a little precipitous on the roadside, and unless I drove with uncommon carefulness, we should certainly be upset. I looked at Harry. There was a contagious wickedness in his eye that made my hand

unsteady. I must have pulled on the near-side rein a little too hard, for the runner went down into a deep rut, our centre of gravity was lost, and we were unceremoniously tumbled helter-skelter into the snow-bank.

Aunt Starchy screeched out as though every bone in her body was broken. Harry lifted her up, and brushed the snow off her, while I got the horses into the road. She insisted upon going to the tavern, to ascertain whether she had not received some inward bruise, declaring, in spite of all our entreaties, that she would ride no further, and that we must go on without her.

Accordingly, we hoisted her in, and drove up to Boniface's. The first thing that I did there was to get her a stiff glass of gin and water, which the old lady drank off with great comfort to her weak stomach, declaring that she always admired how considerate I was. This prescription being so well received, I was satisfied that a hot rum-toddy might be swallowed with additional benefit; and I am proud to declare that my course of practice upon this occasion made the most rapid and successful progress. The good old gentlewoman soon ceased to grunt, and she presently fell into a pleasant sleep.

It would have been cruel to awake her and renew our entreaties to accompany us; so we tucked her up, and told Mrs. Boniface we would call for her when we came back, and off we started for the ball. O! had Jemima but been with us, then! However, little Sue de Mott and Jane Antonides both lived on our road.

Every body has been on a sleighing frolic once, and it would be foreign to our business to tell what else took place. Harry stopped for the old lady on his return about three o'clock next morning. Something detained me in the neighborhood of the ball-room until daylight.

Riding of a dark stormy night cannot be esteemed a pleasure. Yet a frequent roadster must sometimes be prepared to say composedly to the clouds, "pour on, I will endure." My last experience of a wet ride was shared by Doctor Gulielm Belgium. Fate has been ironical with me, in more than once giving me a doctor for a companion in my travelling distresses. I told this story once to Angelo, in a letter which I have begged back to help my memory. I cannot do better than to quote my recital on the impulse of the adventure. Here it is—

"——So he invited me to take some vehicular enjoyment on the road to Cato's.

"Allons! and we started.

"He was made up with more than even his own exquisiteness, this afternoon. His mere vestimental arrangements were enough to show that in his time he had read a book, and travelled out of his county. There was nothing flash or Corinthian in the structure; the order of the architecture was rather of the simplest Doric. But what a beautiful fitness! what a harmony of composition! He had crowned his caput with a bran new golgotha, be-

neath whose gracefully curved brim his late shorn locks showed here and there their glossy edges, just sufficiently to satisfy the careless gazer of the ample stock from which they descended, and without encroaching too much upon the boasted beauty of his well-framed forehead. His whiskers—they were so accurately and curiously cut, you would have been reminded of the days when people trimmed trees and hedges into the likeness of birds and beasts; they were so thick, and smooth, and regular, that a stray mosquito planting his tired feet upon their tangling meshes, might have thought himself upon the surface of a swath of his own native meadows, just after it had been swept by the scythe of the merry mower. His cheek had a ruddy, hearty glow of health upon it. His eye was bright and keen. You would have thought it had not twinkled over hochheimer for a month. But the *coup de grace* of all was a kidded forefinger, against which gently pressing digital there seemed to languish a slender walking-stick, of the most singular and severe virtue. No vulgar man ever sported such a staff. There was but one other like it in the world. It was the rarest quality of sandal-wood, precious as the golden rod, that led the pious Æneas to the elysian fields. It cost judgment, taste and a price. It was of eastern origin, and drew its earliest breath in India. You might have suspected that, from the voluptuous perfume that was breathed from the wood, and from its delicate form and tint, and from the fineness of its texture and fibre. The color was slightly changeable, and nearest of any thing else to the invisible orange of the neck plumage of a Barbary pheasant.

"None but a brave man, and a good-looking, well-dressed fellow, would have dared to wear it.

"We reached our original destination in safety, and then, tempted by the mildness of the evening, extended our jaunt in the pleasant twilight to Harlæm, and returned at our easy leisure to the Roman's. Here a sudden and violent midnight black mass of rain and thunder and lightning blocked up the road, so that we were fain compelled to stop and comfort ourselves with tongue and a salad. When the storm abated, we renewed our travel homeward, Belgium commanding the reins. Soon, however, again the darkness became so thick, that it rested upon our eye-lids like a palpable weight; we could not see our way except when the heavenly fulgurations set it all on fire. Still on we went. There is a place about two hundred yards from the censor's, on the return to the city, where the alderman of the twelfth ward has provided a deep ditch on the roadside, for the devil to set man-traps. I had a faint recollection of the existence of these pitfalls, and I entreated my learned friend to let me have the reins.

"B. was a good fair-weather driver, and one of the few whom I could trust by daylight; but he had not the owl eyes of an old traveller by night. His pride, however, stood up at the insinuation that I could see better in the dark than he, and he peremptorily refused.

"Of all the agonies of apprehension, save me from the incubus of an unskilful, head-strong driver! I begged and beseeched him

to yield, for I saw that he was leaving the road : but no, he insisted that he was right, and that he could not be mistaken.

“‘Drive to the right, for mercy’s sake,’ I cried, feeling the left wheel of the vehicle already on the descent into the ditch.

“‘Drive to Tartarus, and be quiet,’ or something like it, was the kind and amiable response.

“I grew angry now, and tried the influence of abuse ; but nothing could move the obstinate madness of my Dutchman. ‘I see the road plainly enough—don’t be a fool,’ and other such gentle phrases were all the reward that I got for my poor pains. On urged the headlong Jehu, and not long deferred was our embrace of ‘*mater et terra genitrix*.’ Down went our five hundred dollar mare, some eight or ten feet into the bottom of the ditch, and in a little brief moment were figured out a group of horse, and men, and buggy, precipitated, conglomerated, and accumulated, at sight of which Hogarth would have wept for joy.

“The violence of the fall stunned me for a minute. When I came to myself, I was uncertain whether terrene habitations yet possessed me, or whether I was a groping ghost upon the banks of the dark styx. I listened for the noise of Ixion’s wheel, and the rumbling of the stone of Sisypheus, but I heard instead the doctor cry out, ‘d——n it,’ as he turned over upon his side, in a mud-puddle by the head of our poor beast. Assured by this unequivocal evidence of vitality, I got upon my feet, and without waiting to make any inquiries about bones, I plunged through the rain to the house of our late host for relief. I soon returned to the scene of distress with a lantern and a sleepy negro. Then, dear Angelo, there was a sight to look at. O ! could you have seen B. come up to me, at that moment, with his pet cane, his unique, broken in his hands, with that wo-begone expression on his countenance—with that tragical attitude, hatless—his heavy eye-brow dripping with rain—his hair seeming to be in a state of liquidation, and fast flowing down upon the muddy adornments of coat and white—ah ! once white pantaloons ; his left hand pointing to the fragment in his right, as though that were the only thing to be lamented or cared for ; while the mare lay groaning in the ditch, and the lightning flashed, and the wind and rain beat and whistled around us, and the negro yawned, and the light of the lantern threw a narrow streak now upon one, and then upon another feature of the scene ; now disclosing a hat—or rather what had once been a hat—and now an umbrella, and now a buggy-cushion. If your neck had been broken, you would have laughed at this ludicrous piece of picturesque. How can I give you an idea of the appearance of the hero of the scene ? Think of old Lear, bare-headed in the tempest ;—no, that’s not it. Think of Othello, in his bitterest anguish, harrowing up his soul with the thoughts of what had been. Do you remember Kean’s air, and attitude, when he comes to this melancholy passage—

‘Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction, etc. *****
But there, where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life.’

"I have given you brush, easel and canvas; you have a good fancy—draw the *waterscape* yourself.

"But be amazed at our escape. A broken dashboard, a strained shoulder, and the doctor's ruined habiliments, made the sum total of our added-up distresses. I must confess for myself some undefinable rheumatics; but I am willing to bear that infliction, by way of warning against rides by night, and opinionated drivers."

NOTES OF AN ATTEMPT IN BREEDING.

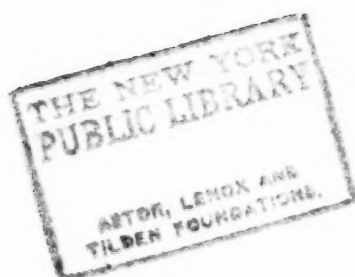
CHAPTER I.—THE REASON.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

DEAR SIR: I am in the prime of life: have read, thought, travelled, studied, observed, and experimented. This has brought me to the conclusion that every person is bound (let the more scrupulous say *naturally, morally, or religiously*;) to pursue some constant occupation, innocent, interesting to one's self, and useful to others; and to choose such as seems best warranted by circumstances, most fitted to one's inclination and capacity, most extensively beneficial to the world, and above all, that which will give satisfaction and repose to the mind on reflection, in a later period of life, as being worthy and honorable before God.

The pursuits of Agriculture engage the mind mature in wisdom, and free to choose, almost as certainly as the art is practised, in order to secure the necessities of existence.

The art of Breeding forms the highest department of the practice of Agriculture. The scientific breeder must possess accurate judgment, based on deep powers of reasoning, acute discrimination, and just and extensive views. He must not only be a great—it appears to me that he must also be a good man. I cannot conceive of distinguished success in this delicate and arduous pursuit, where the practitioner is not endued by nature with those noble propensities of mind, which, in their development, create esteem, if not respect, among our fellow men. The virtues of benevolence, justice, charity and generosity, seem as necessary to interest and sustain the breeder in producing and cherishing his choice young animals, as is inalienable affection in a mother towards her child; and assuredly where those excellent properties exist but in a degree to slightly lead the conduct, such a practice, keeping them in mild but varied and continual exercise, is best calculated to increase their force. The time is past when lofty intellect might excusably seek its gratification in the attainment of princely power. The dawn of a quiet but clear philosophy, we may hope, is advancing to dispel the fogs and fumes of sottish minds and wild imaginations. The art of printing has made civilized man to look





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upon the distant savage as his neighbor. The sound of peace is

upon the distant savage as his neighbor. The sound of peace is grateful to the heart, for the cultivated understanding realizes at once the sin and the absurdity of quarrel. The world gradually learns that "knowledge is power." The white man is exaltedly conscious, and the opposing barbarian finds it to his cost. Agriculture, the one great, useful, and agreeable art of life, that fills the childish fancy, and soothes the fretted feelings of expiring age, the natural and most honorable occupation of man, must soon resume its distinguished right, and be covered with honor in its prime, as it was hailed with wonder at its birth. Then will the science of breeding, that employs the good as well as the great properties of mind, begin sincerely to be cultivated and understood. Then, it is to be hoped, will mankind learn and observe the fact that *dispositions are innate*, and can only be formed through means employed in accordance with the laws of nature, previously to birth.

If the wise of old predicted a time of peace and good understanding, which zealots call a reign of saints, we have reason to think they foresaw the natural effect of a lapse of time, when, by the operation of the laws of breeding, men would be born with sounder heads and better hearts, than have hitherto fallen to the lot of the mass of the human race.

"The gentle craft" of producing and rearing animals, is the school wherein the laws of breeding must be ascertained. In this, as in the study of anatomy, although the highest aim should have reference to the human species, experiment must be conducted on the brute creation. Were it possible to forego the honorable and sacred rite of matrimony, the long period of growth, and the number and variety of influencing causes of change in the human system, must prevent the acquisition of any knowledge, superior to what may be derived from viewing the operation of the natural laws as they are variously and voluntarily acted upon.

My pursuit, then, is the breeding of animals. Inclination and a peculiar state of health lead especially to the culture of the horse. My means, and consequently my sphere of action, are small. The state of markets is such that extensive operations would lead but to extended ruin. Our country is of hill and dale, proper for grazing, lying to the northward of Vermont, and sparsely peopled by industrious small farmers of New England and British origin. We are isolated: on the north and west are the French Canadians, of different language, religion, tenure of lands, and manners and customs. To the south are Yankees, rejoicing in a different government, and too keen and selfish to seek a friendly social intimacy, which can afford them no *profit*: while to the eastward but slight advances have been made towards levelling the forest.

While the ordinary products of a grazing country, that constitute food for man, are the staples of this section, its trade meets with frequent shocks from fluctuations of the markets. The surplus being created by close application, owing to the length and rigor of the winters,—and the little property in the country being evenly divided in many hands, we are linked in a bond of interest and mutual good will, that keeps up a constant consultation as to

what is best to be done for our common advantage—for the agricultural interest. By this general intercourse, the people, sagacious and intelligent by nature, have become singularly united, neighborly and public-spirited.

It is often remarked that while we are toiling from day to day, and year after year, with a stock of cows, sheep and swine, and can barely make ends meet, with close economy, one good horse, reared at no more cost than a cow, will buy out a man's whole stock. The colt is perhaps attended with more risk than other farm animals; but when he is properly bred and well reared, the profit is an abundant compensation. But the farmers say that "the operation is so uncertain;—they put their mares to the best stallions, and not one colt in ten is as good as the sire"—appeared to be. If one promises them better horses, these experienced heads often answer that "they are discouraged with paying for the use of stallions, for they have had the best luck in colts by ungelt runts which their mares had gotten to by chance." This shows the state of the art of breeding as it exists here, and in my rambles I have seen it much the same elsewhere. The farmers, ignorant of the principles which should govern them, and weakly captivated by specious novelty, or barefaced falsehood, are led to put their mares to stallions of neither blood nor quality, made up for show; with vigor, if they inherit any, sapped by excessive service; and purchased and kept only for purposes of imposition. When their young stock grows up valueless, and the superiority of that got by some creature of no pretensions is observed, (it having inherited some vigor of constitution), the art of breeding scientifically is too often set down as an enigma, and the search after its principles abandoned in despair. Some old and sagacious farmers of my acquaintance, who keep large stocks, have for years ceased to employ the travelling stallions, keeping a tolerable colt of their own entire an extra year or two, for the service of their mares: and it is worthy of observation that the stocks thus bred, though roughly kept, will bear comparison with those got by the large and showy horses of the country.

In this state of things, in the hope that by the production of a better commodity, we may become in some measure independent of the fluctuations of the times, whether from short crops or low prices, I have, in all humility, as none abler offered, undertaken, on a small scale, and laboring under some disadvantages, to improve the breed of horses in my neighborhood.

In the prosecution of this attempt, I beg leave, owing to difficulties which cannot be so readily overcome in any other way, to crave, from time to time, information and counsel from yourself and correspondents; engaging on my part to report progress as often as I ask assistance; and to set forth the nature and difficulties of the task, together with the means employed, for the satisfaction of the curious; and whatever may be discovered of interesting, instructive, admirable or ludicrous, for the entertainment of your readers in general.

G. B.

Shelbrooke, Canada East, January, 1843.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Canadian Affair.—In the Court of Queen's Bench, on the 4th of November, on the application of the Solicitor General, a Rule *Nisi* for a nonsuit on account of the illegality of the transaction, was granted in the case "*Greville v. Chapman*," tried before Lord Abinger at the Surrey Assizes, in which the plaintiff obtained a verdict against the Proprietors of *The Sunday Times*—damages 250*l.*—for an alleged libel, in imputing to the plaintiff dishonorable conduct in having withdrawn his horse Canadian from the Derby, having betted largely against him.—A Rule for a new trial was also granted, on the ground that the Learned Judge had permitted a question to be put to a witness, which, it was contended, was matter for the consideration of the Jury—namely, whether the witness did not think it dishonorable for a party to withdraw a horse against which he had betted?—Canadian died at Newmarket in the Second October Meeting.

Racing Memorabilia.—At Coventry, March 9, Mr. Goodman opened the Racing Season with a winner (Sister to Glencoe), and, Oct. 29, closed it with a winner. Sam Rogers rode the *first* winner (The Currier) in the Craven Meeting, and the *last* winner (The Shadow) in the Houghton. Sam Mann was successful in *every Match* that he rode for Lord Exeter. Robinson rode 62 races at Newmarket alone, winning 27 and losing 35 races; Nat 61, winning 24 and losing 37; and Sam Rogers 42, winning 17, and losing 25. The total number of horses that went past the winning post at Newmarket were 596; winners, 144; losers, 452. This, compared with the three preceding years, shows a considerable increase of horses.

The sphere of action of Mr. Clark, the Newmarket Judge, has been greatly enlarged. It now comprehends Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Doncaster, Liverpool, Egham, Brighton, County of Gloucester, Bath, Chelmsford, Southampton, &c. In making this circuit during the past season, he travelled 2735 miles, and decided 310 races, besides extra heats (in all 394), out of which 24 were *dead heats*; at Egham, for the first time, he decided *six heats* for one race (Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, won by The Exquisite); and on Saturday in the Houghton Meeting, for the first time, 12 races in one day.

Part of the late Mr. Orde's stud is announced for sale, viz. Charley Boy, Johnny Boy, Queen Bee, Bee's-way, and The Orphan Boy, all out of Bee's-wing's dam. Many splendid offers have been made for "*'tould mare*," but declined; and her late owner having expressed a wish that she should not run after his death, the incomparable Bee's-wing will grace the turf no more. The late Mr. Orde employed fourteen servants, who, in the aggre-

gate, lived with him 320 years—the best testimony of his benevolent disposition.

Within the last month, Messrs Tattersall have had the disposal of some of the exuberant portion of several influential Racing and Hunting Establishments.

On the 31st of October, a large draft of the Duke of Beaufort's stud was submitted to the hammer. There was little competition, and the lots were knocked down at low prices. The highest sum realized for one animal was His Grace's hunter Masquerade, which fetched 125 gs.; Assassin, thorough-bred, 96 gs.; Anspach, 41 gs.; Retamosa, 97 gs.; Hotspur, by Percy, 70 gs.; Bayadere, 33 gs.; Lovely, 27 gs.; Sweetmeat, 24 gs.; Mare by Percy, dam by Sultan, 15 gs.; Corsair, hunter, 20 gs.; Fantastic, by Percy, *six guineas*! The thorough-breeds The Abbess, Young Duchess, Bonnet Pet, Delicate Daphne, &c., fetched very moderate prices.

On the 7th, a large draft of Lord Chesterfield's stud was put up. The Knight-of-the-Whistle, by Velocipede, fetched 295 gs.; Barbarian, 195 gs.; Van Puff, a hack, driven by His Lordship at Newmarket, 90 gs.; Cockade, hunter, 100 gs.; Claude Duval, steeple chaser, 130 gs.; White Stockings, cab-horse, 140 gs.; Sheffield, 165 gs.; Fire King, hunter, 27 gs. Amy Robsart, Pioneer, and a number of ponies of various colors, were also sold.

A part of the stud of Lord George Bentinck, including c. by Bay Middleton, Bracelet by Sultan, &c., were knocked down at somewhat low prices.

A draft of the Earl of Rosslyn's hunters, including Day Star, Twilight, Melton, Tom Bowling, and Harlequin, realized fair prices.

Lord Southampton, having resolved to reduce his thorough-bred and breeding stock, hunters, &c., at Whittlebury, Northamptonshire, a large draft was brought to the hammer on the 14th. His roan hunter by Oppidan was knocked down at 55 gs.; bay ditto, by ditto, 51 gs.; ch. f. by ditto, 40 gs.; ch. by Sir Hercules, 25 gs. These and other lots were considered low prices, and they were chiefly purchased by dealers.

On the 21st, a small draft from the Earl of Harrington's stud was brought to the hammer at Tattersall's. The principal lot was His Lordship's well-known valuable roan gelding, which was knocked down, after a spirited competition, for 150 gs., to a gentleman named Harvey.

A large draft of bay hunters, described as well known with the Duke of Grafton's hounds, were sold the same day, and realized moderate prices.

It is reported that the venerable Duke of Portland will shortly break up his racing establishment at Bradwell, near Newmarket.

The French Minister of Commerce and Agriculture has purchased the racing stud of the late Duke of Orleans at Durdon for 550,000 francs, so that the establishment, which was formerly maintained at the sole expense of His Royal Highness, will now be kept up by the State.

The Chase.—The *Sherbourne Journal* notices the presence of "ould Billy Butler" at the meet of Mr. Drax's hounds at Holnest kennel on the 15th of October, having ridden fifteen miles to breakfast with the hospitable Master. Whilst several Sportsmen were refreshing themselves with sherry and biscuits on the lawn in front of the house, the veteran Sportsman was observed standing by his horse, with a chair to assist him in mounting, and, as his groom helped him on with his Macintosh, the Reverend Gentleman exclaimed, "A fast one, Gentlemen, equipping for the chase!" and when mounted, and feeling himself fairly in his seat, "There, now, it's all right, match me if you can: here I am, eighty-one years old, my horse fifteen, and my boots sixteen!" The day was crowned with good sport.

On the 11th of November, the same hounds met at Cheriton Inn, and drawing the adjoining woods blank, they were trotted on to Inwood, where pug was speedily unkennelled, and went away towards the town of Milborne Port, entering which, he run through some gardens, and absolutely climbed to the roof of a house nearly thirty feet high, which was speedily surrounded by the inhabitants, the sportsmen, and the pack. After a few minutes of observation, he coolly sprang to the ground, and escaped amidst the mobbing which took place.

A white fox has been frequently seen of late on the Littleton hills.

Extraordinary Pike.—On the 14th of November, as Mr. John Frank, of Kirby Moorside, was fishing in the river Dove, near to the Kirby Mills, he took a pike of 4lb. weight, and, on opening it, found it to contain a large female rat; not satisfied with the unusual size of the rat's abdomen, he performed the same operation on the rat, and to his great astonishment found it to contain eight young ones—one of the most singular circumstances on record.

Sporting Obituary.—On the 10th of November, George Clark, Esq., of Barnby Moor. The *Doncaster Gazette*, in announcing the death of this Gentleman, says—"Perhaps as a private individual few men were more extensively known throughout the United Kingdom than Mr. Clark, and especially amongst the Nobility and Gentry, whose opinions of him were of the highest order. His judgment upon all matters connected with the Turf was much sought after, and, when given, was duly honored and appreciated. As a private gentleman, Mr. Clark was held in the highest estimation by a very large circle of friends and acquaintances; and his somewhat premature decease has left a void in society not easily to be replaced. As a man of general business, he was looked upon as an authority upon which the utmost dependance could be placed, being frequently selected as referee and arbitrator of the most difficult cases; and it is almost needless to say that his awards, being based upon right, usually gave satisfaction. Mr. Clark, besides being engaged in numerous private trusts, was Commissioner of several inclosures, where by the firmness of his decision, and his well known inflexibility, he was the means of re-

conciling conflicting interests, and putting a stop to those jarrings which are too frequently prevalent in such transactions. As a man, he was stern, yet kind; as a husband and a father, he was beloved and greatly esteemed; and his memory will long be held in respect by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance."—His funeral took place on the following Tuesday, at Sutton, about a mile from his late residence, and his remains were followed to their last resting-place by several friends in carriages, preceded and followed by a numerous body of Gentlemen on horseback two and two.—The same Journal thus concludes the notice:—"His surviving relations have sustained an irreparable loss: his friends, a cheerful and agreeable companion; the neighborhood in which he resided, a useful and upright man; and society at large, one of its most valuable members. Peace to his manes!"—The following engagements become forfeited by Mr. Clark's death:—*Derby, Abernethy and Philip; St. Leger, Philip, Era, and Abernethy; North Derby Stakes at Newcastle, Abernethy; Gateshead or Lottery Stakes at Newcastle, Philip and Abernethy; Great Yorkshire Stakes at York, Era; Liverpool St. Leger, Era; Oaks, Ameine; Park Hill Stakes, Ameine.*

The Duke of Bedford's King of the Peak, one of his legs having given way, was shot during the month, and now lies in Mr. Edwards's paddock by the side of Dr. Syntax, "the winner of 20 Cups," and sire of Bee's-wing, Ralph, and other noted racers.

Notes of the Month.

F E B R U A R Y .

ANOTHER PROPOSITION FROM THE NORTH.

The North will pay The South \$2,000 to make a Match against Fashion, for \$20,000 a side, half forfeit. Four mile heats; the race to come off over the Union Course, Long Island, in May or June next, 1843, as The South shall prefer. Acceptance to be made, the horse named, and the match closed, by the 1st of Feb. next, when the forfeits shall be deposited in current funds in the City of New York.

Should Fashion, from lameness, or any unforeseen accident, pay forfeit, the \$2,000 offered will not be paid by The North. But, if the party representing The South shall bring on their horse to the Union Course, and from any cause then pay forfeit, the \$2,000 will still be paid by The North.

It will be seen by the above proposition that the North offers to pay The South \$2000 for their expenses in coming on, or in other words it is betting at the rate of \$22 000 against \$18 000. Indeed it is better for The South than those odds, because the \$2000 is paid "any how," if The South brings on its

horse, as The North betting \$22,000 to \$16,000 and winning, would not, of course, have to pay the \$2000.

From the fact that letters have been received from the South-west relative to the proposition made by The North, in this Magazine for Dec. (page 698) complaining of the small amount proposed to be run for, at Two and Three mile heats, respectively, we would again take occasion to state that notwithstanding "the pressure of the times," a match at both Two and Three mile heats, can doubtless be had for \$20 000, if it is required. The original proposition was to run all three matches "for \$5000 or more," "10 000 or more," and "\$20 000 or more." This "or more" left the acceptors of the three matches at liberty to "stick down their peg," for as much "more" as they thought proper. The sums originally named were thought to be in accordance with the state of the times, \$5 000 at the present day being of nearly equal value to double that amount a few years since.

SPLENDID RACES AT NEW ORLEANS.

At each succeeding meeting on the superb courses at New Orleans, our Southern friends contrive to bring out new candidates for fame, whose achievements exceed if they do not quite eclipse, any of previous occurrence. In the Racing Calendar will be found reports of the recent meetings on the Louisiana and Metairie Courses—from which it will be seen that while Reel and Miss Foote have nobly sustained the highest expectations of their friends, George Martin has also covered himself with glory. It would seem that ordinary races are seldom run at New Orleans. Every race is a sporting affair, and run in capital time, if the weather be propitious, no matter whether the field is made up of horses that have or have not distinguished themselves elsewhere. It should be understood, however, that the horses which run at New Orleans comprise the cracks of several States; the studs of Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Kentucky, and not unfrequently the Old Dominion, are annually represented there by their best and bravest.

Racing was revived in New Orleans in 1837, when the first meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club commenced on the Eclipse Course—established by Col. Y. N. OLIVER—on the 17th March. Since that date the "race horse regions" designated above, have furnished the following cracks, in something like the order named. (We may have given Mississippi credit for some horses foaled in Tenn. or Ala. but they were nearly all owned and reared in that State.)

Kentucky among other good ones, has furnished Fanny Wright, Josh Bell, Pressure, Grey Medoc, Luda, Arbaces, Kavanagh, Maria Duke, Ralph, Streshly, P. cayune, Curculia, Bendigo, Humming Bird, George Kendall, Maria Collier, Sarah Morton, Kate Aubrey, Jim Bell, Creath, and last not least George Martin.

Alabama has furnished Linnet, Zelina, Maria Black, The Poney, Melzare, Pollard Brown Bee's wing, Baywood, Eloise, Westwind, Esper Sykes, Crucifix, Denizen, Reel, Miss Foote, Torchlight, Martha Carter, and Hannah Harris.

Tennessee has furnished Angora, Naked Truth, Lilac, Sarah Bladen, Pete Whetstone, Allen Brown, Celerity, Velocity, Eli Odom, Rapide, Earl of Margrave, and Aquella.

Virginia and Maryland have furnished Bumper, Cippus, Virginia Fairfield, Glorvina, Richard of York, The Jewess, Wagner, Billy Townes, Altorf, Buckeye, and Lucy Fuller.

Mississippi has furnished Antelope, Susan Yandall, Tishimingo, Telie Doe, John R. Grymes, Britannia, Glenara, Capt. McHeath, Chicopa, Mary Walton, and Tom Marshall.

In the foregoing list, compiled from memory, we may have misplaced or omitted a few horses, but it is substantially correct. The Mississippi breeders usually keep their mares in Tennessee or Alabama, but their produce is generally reared at home. From the foregoing list it will be seen that Alabama has most reason to be deemed the "race horse region" of the South west, owing, in a great degree, to the number of mares of the purest strains of blood, in the studs of a few breeders like the late Mr. JACKSON, Mr. BOARDMAN, and others.

THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB.

A number of the most highly respectable citizens of Louisiana convened at the St. Charles Hotel, on the evening of the 26th Dec., for the election of Officers and the adoption of rules for the government of the "*New Orleans Jockey Club*," a new association recently got up under the auspices of Messrs. WELLS and OLIVER, the new proprietors of the *Metairie Course*. We are indebted to the "*Picayune*" and "*Tropic*" for the following particulars:—

The meeting was called to order by Mr. WELLS, and Mr. JAMES PORTER called to the chair; Mr. McCARDLE, of the "*Tropic*," was appointed Secretary. The rules of the old *Metairie Club* were then adopted, and a committee appointed to seek out and digest such amendments to those rules as had been adopted by the Club from time to time, and not incorporated with its printed rules. The opinion of the Club was informally taken upon the propriety of altering the rule by which horses here take their ages from May day, and it appeared to be almost the unanimous desire of the Club to retain the old law in this regard.

A resolution for the appointment of a committee to report rules for the government of the Club was adopted, and a committee, consisting of Messrs. Christy, Kirkman, Wells, Oliver, and Stephen D. Elliott, Esqrs., was appointed, with instructions to report on Wednesday evening next at six o'clock. After the adoption of this resolution, the Club proceeded to the election of officers, which resulted in the choice of the following gentlemen:—

HON. ALEXANDER PORTER, *President*; Col. Adam L. Bingaman, Col. P. W. Farrar, Col. John S. Preston, Col. William Christy, John R. Grymes, Esq., and W. H. Avery, Esq., *Vice Presidents*; William H. McCardle, *Secretary*.

At a subsequent meeting—Col. FARRAR in the chair—Mr. WELLS, from the committee appointed for that purpose, reported, with one amendment, the old rules of the *Metairie Course*, for the government of the present meeting, [commencing on Thursday, Dec. 29] which were unanimously adopted.

On motion of Col. OLIVER, a committee of four was appointed to report to the next meeting, rules and regulations for the permanent government of the Club, and Messrs. Kirkman, Rouzan, Oliver, and D. F. Kenner, named as the committee. Wm. H. McCardle having resigned the office of Secretary, R. L. Breunham, Esq., was elected in his stead.

Of course the former custom is to be persisted in, that horses running over the *Metairie Course* shall date their age from the 1st of May, instead of the 1st of January. As the "*Fall*" meetings, however, come off during the last weeks of December, this regulation will only affect the Spring meetings in March or April, when horses will run *a year under age*, and consequently throw off a year's weight. We fervently hope the Louisiana Club will give their new regulation a trial, and in March next make horses running over their course, *carry weight for age*. The public will then be able to form a pretty correct estimate of the comparative powers of race horses in different sections of the country. Our own convictions on this point, fortified as they are by the opinions of the most distinguished turfmen of the Old Dominion and the North, induce the belief that upon seeing the difference between the performances on the Louisiana and *Metairie Courses*, of the same horses, and horses of the same age, but carrying a year's difference in weight, the New Orleans Club will rescind their present rule, and adopt the regulation of the Louisiana Club, by which horses date their age from the 1st of January, as is the case in the Northern, Middle, and Western States, as well as in Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, and the East and West Indies.

The new club already comprises over fifty members, and its officers are gentlemen of the very highest consideration. Mr. Oliver, the acting proprietor, thoroughly understands his business, and the course is one of the finest in the Union. The combination of all these favorable circumstances augurs well for the prospects of the Turf in the South-west, and we anticipate the most gratifying results. It only remains for those interested to "*make play*."

New Race Course in Louisiana.—One has been got up in the vicinity of Clinton, under the superintendence of Mr. NEWSAM [or Nesom], who is actively employed in getting it in order for a Spring meeting.

American Race Course in Havana—A letter from our Mobile Correspondent informs us that JAMES S. GARRISON, Esq., of the Louisiana Course, New Orleans, has obtained the contract for the new race course which Mr. CRAMER and others have been endeavoring to establish there. Mr. G. has doubtless sailed for Havana ere this, as he hoped to complete his arrangements in season for a meeting on the first week of April next. The purses are so liberal that we shall not be surprised if several stables sail from Charleston and New Orleans, no less than \$3,000 being offered for four mile heats, \$2,000 for three, \$1,500 for two, and \$1000 for mile heats.

Reel—Since her race with Miss Foote, "the Louisiana Champion," as Reel is termed, has quite recovered. Her lameness, we venture to guess, was owing to the peculiar shape of her plates, as was undoubtedly the case with Bee's wing, and subsequently with Grey Medoc, in his race with Altorf. The plates generally used in Louisiana (of which we have half a dozen specimens) are too light; their great fault is that they are not flat enough. We have one of Miss Foote's, which weighs but an ounce and the sixteenth part of an ounce; it is not much wider than a tuppenny nail, and of about the same thickness, whereas it should be made at least a quarter of an inch in width. One of Grey Medoc's plates was changed twice during his race with Altorf; it was so thin as to leave a distinct impression in the horn of the hoof. At the North the soil of the courses is so different from that of the South, that the plates used are of three times the weight. One of Fashion's plates weighs nearly as much as one of Reel's, Miss Foote's, and Jim Bell's, together.

Sale of Miss Foote—We learn from the New Orleans "Tropic" that Mr. LINN COCH, on the 4th instant, disposed of his interest of one half in Miss Foote to Mr. DAVID HEINSOHN of Louisville, Ky., for \$2000. Mr. H. is now sole owner. It appears to us that the amount named is remarkably small for an interest of one half in a mare of Miss Foote's South western reputation. Col. BINGAMAN paid no less than \$8 000 for Sarah Bladen, at three years old, and \$5000 was paid for Black Maria after she was nine years old. Col. HAMPTON paid \$6 000 for Bay Maria at 4 yrs., and \$7,000 for Fanny at 3 years old. Miss Foote's sale, coupled with that of Jim Bell's for \$5 000 after his great four mile race, are apt and forcible illustrations of the fact that notwithstanding all the talk about "the best races ever run" by horses carrying light weight, their performances however brilliant, when running a year under age, do not "set them forward any," even in the vicinity of the scene of their vaunted achievements. Under all the circumstances, however, we deem the sale of Miss Foote a sacrifice, for she would have commanded more even here. But to this day, the Turfmen of the Old Dominion and of the North will not concede that any performance made at New Orleans equals that of SARAH BLADEN, who, at eight years old, with her full weight up, ran four mile heats in 7:37—7:40.

Mr. Heinsohn and Mr. FERGUS DUPLANTIER, of Baton Rouge, La., have united their stables, so that it is now one of the strongest in the Union, comprising Miss Foote, George Martin, Sarah Morton, Creath, and some clever young things. Mr. BEARD, "the Hoosier trainer," will still have Miss F. in charge.

Trotting Club at New Orleans—Mr. H. GATES is endeavoring to get up a club for the improvement of Road Horses in Louisiana. A meeting on the subject took place at the St. Charles Hotel on the evening of the 31 Jan., when thirty five gentlemen joined. After the meeting adjourned two crack pacers—*Grey Eagle* and *Alex. Campbell*—were matched to pace mile heats under the saddle, and the same distance in harness, for \$250 aside, half forfeit each match. The first to come off on the 13th and the second on the 15th instant, over the Louisiana course.

We have to announce this month the recent demise, at Richmond, Va., of ABNER ROBINSON, Esq., at the age of about 55 years. Mr. R. has long been known at the South from his connection with the Turf, having been interested in a great number of fine horses. To his executors in Virginia, JOSEPH ALLEN, Esq., and Col. WM. R. JOHNSON, Mr. R. devised, by his will, we are pleased

to hear, \$30,000 to Mr. A., and \$25,000 to Col. J. Mr. R. also left \$100,000 to a young gentleman of Louisiana.

Tall Walking—The Winchester (Va.) "Republican" states that a foot race for \$100 a side, six miles out, came off between two Irishmen over the Valley turnpike road, on Monday last. They ran neck and neck until within half a mile of the goal, when one of them let down. The six miles were accomplished in about thirty-five minutes.

New Orleans Trotting and Pacing Club—At a meeting of the members of the New Orleans Trotting and Pacing Club, held at the Crescent Coffee House, on Saturday evening, Jan. 7th, D. MARTER was called to the chair, and R. L. PLACE, appointed secretary. The object of the meeting was to arrange the rules and regulations for the government of the club, and the contemplated meetings. After some debate, a number of the rules and regulations of the Beacon Course (New York) were adopted without amendments. Several spirited addresses were made, and the utmost enthusiasm animated the members. Mr. H. GATES, late of the Cincinnati Course, is the acting manager of the new Club, whose races are to come off over the Louisiana Course. Three days' races are advertised in the N.O. papers, which were to commence on the 13th ult.

The proprietors of the Louisiana and Metairie Courses, at New Orleans, have opened a variety of stakes for the ensuing Spring meetings. A produce stake on the Metairie has already closed with the following subscribers:—

Hon. Alexander Barrow, of La.
George Mason Long, of La.
Capt. Wm. J. Minor, of Miss.
James Jackson, of La.
Wm. Ruffin Barrow, of La.
James Shy, of Ky.
A. D. Hunt, of Ky.
Joseph G. Boswell, of Ky.
Gooding & Campbell, of Va.
Fergus Duplantier, of La.

Montford Wells, of La.
James Shy, of Ky.
Henry A. Tayloe, of Ala.
Hon. Balie Peyton & J. S. Yerger, of La.
A. L. Bingaman, Jr., of Miss.
Hunt & Amis, of Ky.
Col. William Wynn, of La.
Gooding & Campbell, of Va.
Fergus Duplantier, of La.
J. M. Boswell, of Ky.

Col. A. L. Bingaman, of Miss.

DEATH OF DECATUR.

KENTUCKY, Jan. 3d, 1842.

Dear Sir.—The Stallion Decatur died at Treehill, the residence of Col. Wm. Buford, in Woodford, on the 30th of December, of Tetanus, or Lock-jaw. This disease has prevailed to some extent within the last year, and Col. Buford has lost three of his best mares by it. Much of the stock driven from this country to Georgia and South Carolina, have been, within the last two years, subject to this affection. The disease is called by the drovers "spasms," it being highly spasmodic, and blistering the entire extent of the spine from the ears back, is said to be the best remedy. I am inclined to think, however, that some form of opium (and I prefer morphine to opium in substance, because of the facility of giving it in water, and because it is said to be more tranquillizing,) is the best, if not the only remedy.

Note by the Editor—We greatly regret that our old acquaintance Decatur has gone the way of all horseflesh. He has been in the stud two seasons in Kentucky, and from his own high character as a performer, added to that of his brothers—Tarquin and Suffolk—and his family generally, we shall be disappointed if he does not turn out some good ones. Decatur retired from the Turf in 1840, at seven years old, after a career of unusual severity. Notwithstanding he had to contend under manifold disadvantages with Boston, Atalanta, Mary Blunt and other distinguished cracks, he won over *Twenty Thousand Dollars at Four Mile Heats!* Indeed all his races were, with a single exception, at four mile heats, at which distance he beat Atalanta (twice), Fanny Wyatt, Argyle, Cippus, Vashti, Balie Peyton, Hornblower, and others. Decatur was bred by NELSON LLOYD, Esq., of Queens County, Long Island, and was foaled in 1833. He was a horse of remarkable beauty, forcibly reminding one of the colored portraits of Harkaway. With the exceptions of Bay Maria and Balie Peyton, he had no superior in point of bloodlike appearance that has come under our notice.

Mr. J. BENJAMIN PRYOR, the trainer for Col. A. L. BINGAMAN, of Natchez, Miss. sold his colt *Tom Marshall*, after his late race at New Orleans, for \$500, to Mr. JOHN ARMSTRONG, (from Long Island) the trainer for THOS. J. WELLS, Esq., of Alexandria, La.

Pryor and Armstrong, like Mr. GRAVES, the trainer for the Brothers KENNER, are quite young in comparison with such "old hands" as Arthur Taylor, Col. Watson, Mr. Laird, Van Leer, and Belcher, still they have attained the very highest rank in their profession. Indeed the young trainers will be able ere long to "flax out" most of the "old files." Billy Baxter, Charles, and such "old pins" must soon give way to such artists as Stewart (with Col HAMP-
TON,) Clinton (with SIDNEY BURBRIDGE, Esq.,) Conover (with ROBT I. STEVENS, Esq.,) Palmer (with JAMES K. DUKE, Esq.,) Davis (with JOSEPH G. BOSWELL,) Field (late with Gen. THOMAS B. SCOTT,) Jewell (late with Capt. JOHN DUN-
CAN,) Reddick (late with Col. J. AVERITT,) Porter (late with Mr. McCARGO,) Willis (late with Col. JOHNSON,) Alcock and Spurr in Virginia, Charles Lloyd in New Jersey, Tisdale in Kentucky, and others whose names do not at this moment occur to us. As a class—and Hammond, Wooding, Van Mater, Hellings and Gerow, should be included, as well as Hark, and "Tawny Sam"—these young trainers sustain a very high character for integrity and faithfulness as well as ability. Most of them are men of gentlemanly bearing and address, while nearly all are intelligent to a degree that would command respect and insure success in any walk of life. Not a few of them are the habitual and worthy associates of gentlemen, and one would be obliged to travel far and fast to find better informed men than several we can name. We have not unfrequently published letters from these young men that would have reflected no discredit upon the acquirements of the most highly educated of their employers, and we take infinite pleasure—knowing them all as we do, and most of them intimately—in bearing testimony to their intelligence, good character, and professional ability.

Match for \$2,500 vs. \$2,000—A match, at Two mile heats, has been made up between Mr. GREER, of Kentucky, and Mr. KIRKMAN, of Louisiana, to come off at the ensuing Spring meeting over the Metairie Course, New Orleans, Mr. G. laying \$2,500 vs \$2,000. Mr K names *Waltz*, own brother to Reel, and Mr. G. *Sally Shannon* (late *Ida*), by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam.

Match for \$1000 a side—On Saturday, the 26th November, a match for \$1000 a side, mile heats, came off over the Batesville (Arks) Course, between Rufus Stone's *Tom Jefferson* and Joshua Lee's *Daniel Boon*. The latter was distanced in 2:03. The pedigrees, etc., are omitted in the "News" of that ilk, from which we derive this information.

Mobile Jockey Club—The following gentlemen have been elected Officers for the ensuing year:—GEO. W. TAYLOR, President; VANCE JOHNSTON, Geo. Huggins, Hugh Monroe, John H. Stevenson, and C. S. Shrieve, Stewards; John B. Todd, Recording Secretary; C. J. B. Fisher, Corresponding Secretary; A. Brooks, Treasurer.

Mr. WILLIAM S. TYSON announces that he is about opening a Training Stable, at the farm of Albert G. Douglas, Esq., Gallatin, Tenn., within a mile of the fine course of Maj GEO. A. WYLIE. He has excellent accommodations for horses, boys, etc., and in training will have the aid of Mr. GREEN BERRY WILLIAMS, one of the best trainers in the Union.

Extraordinary Sheep—The Bristol (England) Mercury, of the 22d October, states that the wether sheep of the Coteswold breed, bred by Mr. R. Beman, of Dormington, Stow-on-the-Wold, and exhibited by him at the Bristol meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, was recently slaughtered: the carcass weighed 294 lbs., the fore quarter 84½ lbs., shoulder 43½ lbs.

Col. FRANCIS THOMPSON, of Pleasant Hill, Md., claims the name of *Kit Thompson*, for a Margrave filly, out of *Ninon de l'Enclos*, foaled spring 1841. Also that of *Lucy Long*, for a Margrave filly, out of *Eliza Ann*, foaled spring 1840.

The English stock noticed in our last No., as on its way out to New Orleans, has at length arrived. The editors of the "Picayune" speak of it in the following terms:—

We have examined, within a few days, some fine stock recently imported here. It consists of a beautiful chesnut mare by Champion (son of Selim), and two or three of her colts, and a filly by Amurath, dam by Recovery. All are very fashionably bred, and suffered very little from their sea voyage. Mr. THOS. E. LEEFE is authorized to dispose of them by the consignees. They are worthy the attention of our turfmen.

JAMES G. TALLEY, Esq. of Covington, Tenn., claims the name of *Passion* for his b. f. by Imp Coronet, dam by Lance, g. dam by Florizel.

Mr. LIVINGSTON's *Imp. Trustee* has arrived in safety at Mr. JAS L BRADLEY's stables, near Lexington, Ky. From letters we have seen from several Kentucky breeders, we find that Trustee was greatly admired in Lexington. His terms, at the suggestion of Mr. L.'s friends in that city, have been reduced to \$50—an example which, in the present state of the times, is worthy of general emulation.

Mr Editor,—In your "Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1841," I notice you have omitted the name of Messrs L. & L. SANDERS' *Gulnare*, a well bred daughter of imported Sarpedon, out of Adventure by Sir William of Transport.

This filly, four years old, won a purse at mile heats, best three in five, at the last Fall meeting of the Jefferson County (Miss) Jockey Club at Hamberlin's track, beating P. B. January's Martin's Judy, by Eclipse dam by Young's Mercury, in four heats—losing the first two heats, and distancing her competitor in the fourth. She was entered for this race by Messrs. Williams & Snyder.

In her two year old form Gulnare won all her races; one of them, a match at Louisville, but owing to an injury which she received in her hip, from which she has now entirely recovered, she did not again appear upon the Turf until her race at Hamberlin's just mentioned, where, notwithstanding her crippled condition, she acquitted herself with credit.

Gulnare has been placed in the breeding stud, and was sent the last season to imported Riddleworth—by the way, in my judgment, a most injudicious selection, on account of his kindred blood.

Regarding Sarpedon as one of the best of our imported stallions, and Gulnare no discredit to him, I ask you to make the correction of your list indicated in the above statement. W.

We received by the "Garrick," on the 17th ultimo, the result of the great milling match between FREEMAN, the American Giant, and PERRY, the Tipton Slasher, which came off on the 6th Dec. for £100 a side. The battle was to have come off near Sawbridgenorth, in Suffolk, but the local magistrates having got scent of the affair, the parties concerned, as well as hundreds of spectators, were compelled to shift their quarters. The Eastern Counties Railway afforded an easy means of transit into an adjoining county, a few miles distant, and the ring was again pitched before four o'clock. The fight now commenced in earnest, and after one hour and twenty-four minutes, the seconds declared it a drawn battle, as night had set in and neither of the men could see each other distinctly. Seventy rounds were fought, and Freeman had the best of it throughout. The match was arranged by the parties to be concluded on the 15th Dec. but we doubt if the Slasher will again "come to taw."

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock of EDMUND BACON, Esq., of New Design, Ky. Continued from the March Number of the "Turf Register," 1841.

No. 1. *Black Colt*, foaled in April, 1841, very large and well formed; got by Imp. Philip, out of Ellen Puckett by Sir Richard, son of old Pacolet.

No. 2. *Bay Filly*, of fine size and handsome; got by Imp. Philip, out of Kitty Brien by Conqueror.

No. 3. *Bay Filly*, by Imp. Mordecai, out of Fanny Lyon by Diomed.

No. 4. *Bay Filly*, by Imp. Mordecai, dam by Truxton.

No. 5. *Chesnut Filly*, by Imp. Mordecai, dam by Pacific.

No. 6. *Roan Filly*, by Imp. Mordecai, out of Mary Palmer.

All the above will be 2 yrs. old in the Spring of 1843.

No. 7. *Brown Filly*, foaled in 1842; got by Imp. Philip, out of Ellen Puckett.

No. 8. *Bay Filly*, foaled in 1842; got by Imp. Philip, out of Kitty Brien.

No. 9. *Bay Filly*, foaled in 1842; got by Red Rover, out of Julia by Stockholder.

No. 10. *Chesnut Colt*, foaled 1842; got by Red Rover, out of Fanny Crooks.

No. 11. *Black Mare*, 4 yrs. old the Spring of 1842; got by Chesterfield (by Pacific), out of the famous Susan Robertson by Sir Hal.

No. 12. *ROXANA*, by Timoleon, dam by Oscar; in foal to Boyd McNairy, by Imp. Leviathan.

The following mares are also in foal to Boyd McNairy:—Ellen Puckett, Black Satin, Lady Jane, Julia, Fanny Lyon, Kitty Brien, and Patsy Brien.

E. BACON.

New Design, Ky, Dec. 28, 1842.

Blood Stock of JOHN MARSHALL, Esq., of near Charlotte C. H., Va.

No. 1. *Miss Wakefield*, b. m., bred by the late John Randolph, of Roanoke, got by Sir Hal, out of Grand Duchess by Gracchus—Imp. Duchess of Grafton by Grouse (a son of Highflyer, out of Georgiana, own sister to Conductor, by Matchem)—Magnet—own sister to Johnny by Matchem—Babraham—

Partner—Bloody Buttocks—Grey Hound—Brocklesby Betty. (Miss W. died in 1839.)

No. 2. *Whittleberry*, b. m., bred June 15th, 1829, by Roanoke, out of No. 1. (She has just gone to the West.)

No. 3. *B. h.*, foaled 1836, by Waxy, out of No. 1. (Now in the West.)

No. 4. *Ben Barclay*, b. h., foaled 1837, by Pushpin, out of No. 1. (Now in the West.)

No. 5. *Sanula*, b. f., foaled 1838, by Imp. Barefoot, out of No. 1.

No. 6. *Ch f.*, foaled 1839, by Pushpin, out of No. 1.

No. 7. *Katinka*, b. m., foaled May 9, 1833, by Mons. Tonson, out of No. 2.

No. 8. *Brocklesby*, ch. h., foaled April 27, 1835, by Imp. Luzborough, out of No. 2. (Sold at 2 yrs. old to Messrs. Townes.)

No. 9. *Wakefield*, b. h., foaled May 12, 1837, by Imp. Emancipation, out of No. 2.

No. 10. *B. c.*, foaled April 25, 1838, by Imp. Emancipation, out of No. 2. (Now in the hands of Messrs. Townes & Williamson.)

No. 11. *Miss Abbie*, b. f., foaled April 10, 1839, by Imp. Zingane, out of No. 2.

No. 12. *B. c.*, foaled March 16, 1840, by Imp. Rowton, out of No. 2.

No. 13. *Ch. c.*, foaled March, 1841, by Imp. Trustee, out of No. 2.

No. 14. *B. c.*, foaled April 2, 1841, by Imp. Trustee, out of No. 7.

October 29th, 1842. J. M.

Blood Stock of Mr. B. G. GARTH, of Albemarle Co., Va.

No. 1. *TRUFFILIA*, br. m., foaled 1834, got by Gov. Barbour's Imp. Young Truffle, out of Garland Garth's Pacolet mare Fan.

No. 2. *BYRANA*, b. m., foaled 1835; by Byron (he by Virginian, &c.), out of G. Garth's Pacolet mare Fan (as above).

No. 3. *SLAUGHTERPEN*, ch. h., foaled 1838; by Lexington (he by Johnson's Medley), out of No. 1.

No. 4. *WALKER GILMER*, bl. c., foaled 1840; by Corsair (he by Arab), out of No. 1.

No. 5. *TOM CROPPER*, ch. c., foaled 1840; by Corsair, out of No. 2.

No. 6. **MARTHA QUERMAN**, br. f., foaled 1841; by Chotank (he by Pamurky, a son of Eclipse), out of a Truffle mare.

Pedigree of SALLY BARBOUR.

Sally Barbour, a bay mare of fine size, with a star, was bred by Mr. JOHN GRAVES, of Virginia; she was got by Imp. Truffle, her dam by Bali's Florizel, grandam by Imp. Spread Eagle, g. g. dam by Boxer, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Fearnought, g. g. g. g. dam by Harris's Eclipse.

Her Produce.

1840, June. B.c. *Palmetto*, white streak in the face, by Hickory John.

1841, June. Br. c. by Shark (dead).

1842, Dec. In foal by William IV.

This fine thorough bred brood mare and her colts, are at Grass Hills, Ky.

Pedigree of Imp. STAFFORD.

[This pedigree was asked for some weeks since by a Southern breeder who had some of Stafford's stock. In the name of all parties concerned we tender our acknowledgements to Mr. WRIGHT for his courtesy in supplying it.]

CHERAW, S. C., Dec. 12, 1842.

My dear Sir—In the "Spirit of the Times" of the 3d inst. I perceive the pedigree of Imp. "Stafford" is asked for.

STAFFORD, Imp, was got by Memnon, dam by Piscator, grandam Made-moiselle Presle by Sir Peter, g. grandam Nina, by Eclipse, out of Pomona by Herod, &c.

Memnon was got by Whisker, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, his grandam Mandane by Pot-8 o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Colibri, &c.

Piscator was got by Walton, out of Rosabella by Whiskey, her dam by Diomed—Harriet by Matchem—Flora, &c.

Respectfully yours, &c ,

J. WRIGHT.

P. S.—I might have added as to "Stafford," that he was imported into New York in the Spring of 1835, being then two years old, and was never trained—the importer not being a racing man. He made his first season in South Carolina in the Spring of 1838, and died in November 1840.

THE IMPORTED HORSE PRECIPITATE.

PETERSBURG, Va., Dec. 22, 1842.

Dear Sir—Some time since in contradicting through the "Spirit of the Times," a statement of the death of the imported Horse *Precipitate*, I stated, as my belief, that he died before the close of his first season in the United States. Since then I find I am in error. I had confounded his death with that of *Oscar*, imported by the same person, which occurred before his first season had expired. The object of my communication was not to establish the time of his death, but mainly to correct the error of some other person, who stated he died in England or on his way to this country.

In this matter I felt deeply interested, because from a *Precipitate* mare descended a large part of the valuable stock of horses owned at one time by myself and brother, the late WM. H. MINGE, of Charles City County, Va., and whose pedigrees were written over my signature, which such a statement falsified. I have seen Mr. EDGAR's account of *Precipitate*, and have the highest authority in Virginia that it is substantially correct in every particular, and accords with the general correctness of the whole of his work.

Will you do me the favor to publish this letter as the only reparation in my power for the unintentional injury I have done him.

Yours with great respect,

JOHN MINGE.

Note by the Editor.—At page 52 of his "General Stud Book," Mr. EDGAR gives the following account of the horse in question:—"Precipitate, a large chestnut horse bred by Lord EGREMONT; imported into Virginia by the late WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT, Esq., and foaled in 1787." [Then follows his pedigree, to which is appended the note annexed.] "N. B.—Precipitate covered a mare got her with foal, and dropt off from her dead, at the residence of Capt. JOHN C. GOODE, of Mecklenberg Co., Va."